HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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ART AND NATURE AT THE WEST END OF CONEY ISLAND.—DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.—[SEE PAGE 506.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PEACE.

FOR many years there has not been so significant a Fourth of July as that which has just been celebrated. It was fortunate that the incident of the flags had occurred so recently, because it furnished the opportunity of showing how truly the old sectional jealousy is allayed. The proposed return of the flags was seized as a pretext to taunt and sting the Southern press and Southern orators into angry retorts. But it was not possible. The actual pacification of feeling and the good sense of the citizens of the Southern States prevented, and, as if to emphasize and seal the hopelessness of the politics of hate, the fraternal greeting of the Robert E. Lee Post of Confederate veterans in Massachusetts, and the patriotic reunion of PICKETT'S Division and the Philadelphia Brigade at Gettysburg, were followed by the speech of Governor LEE, of Virginia, on the 4th of July in New York, and by the general tone of all the oratory in every part of the country on the anniversary, which, as Mr. ALGERNON S. SULLIVAN said at Harlem, was more generally celebrated than for many years before.

It is plain that the Union is at peace. It is more at peace than it has ever been. Governor LEE, referring in his speech to the Constitutional Convention of a hundred years ago, said that JOHN RANDOLPH declared that he saw in the deliberations of that Convention what but two other men in the country saw—the poison under the wing of the American eagle. The poison was always there, until it was cut out a few years since, and now for the first time every intelligent American in every State may justly feel that there is no root of sectional bitterness lurking in any part of the Constitution. Governor LEE said truly that if the Constitutional Convention failed in anything, the failure was in not defining with sufficient accuracy the constitutional rights of the States. That was a point which intentionally and necessarily it left obscure, and it was the very point from which the vital trouble sprang. The only ground of sectional feeling which now remains is the suppression of the colored vote in certain parts of the Southern States. But this is a wrong, like the control of the vote in Northern States by employers, which is not enforced by violence, and which can be remedied only by local public opinion, and not by national legislation. The assertion that the Congressional representation of certain districts is practically fraudulent because of this suppression is, in the case of actual suppression, undeniable. The remedy is an appeal to the House, with proof of the fraud. If such proof should be adduced, and the majority of the House should disregard it, the country would observe it. Wherever the ballot is not free, whether in a district in South Carolina, or Mississippi, or Louisiana, or in Connecticut, or Pennsylvania, or New York, or Ohio, where perversion of the ballot by undue influence is familiar, every honorable man and good citizen is aroused to the fact. But it will not be denied that the dictation of a vote to employés by employers is quite as grievous a wrong as the repression of a vote under forms of law to protect a community against the domination of absolute ignorance. The wrong is not sectional, and it is of a nature which makes the sectional cry as party tactics unavailable.

The impossibility which is now demonstrated of kindling a general sectional jealousy, and the disappearance of the distrust of the consequences of Republican defeat, with the undefined position of the existing parties upon important issues, still prevent any certain forecast of the event of next year. Mr. BLAINE'S campaign for the Republican nomination is at present conducted in Europe. He is depicted at that distance to American eyes as a distinguished American whom Europe delights to honor, and who, by the courtesies of his position, although universally recognized as the most American of Americans, can only speak in polite and vague terms amid general admiration and applause. This representation is largely addressed to the Irish voters in the United States, who, as a class, were generally opposed to the Republican party until 1884. It is upon this vote, and upon the divergence of the Labor vote from the Democrats, that the anticipations of Mr. BLAINE'S friends are hopefully based. His nomination is undoubtedly assured. To no impartial observer can Mr. SHERMAN at present appear to be a serious competitor, and the feeling in the Republican party is such that no dark horse could be entered with promise. The interesting facts at this time are the disappearance of rancorous sectionalism and of the vague apprehension of the consequences of Republican defeat. There is also a feeling that all the elements which an upright and honest Administration repels and exasperates will make common cause against Mr. CLEVELAND should he be renominated. The significance of such a movement would be unmistakable. In any event the contest of next year promises to be one of persons rather than of sectional passions or of well-defined parties and policies, and that fact alone discloses the era of peace upon which the country has happily entered.

RUMORED REMOVAL OF THE NEW YORK REFORM COMMISSION.

IT is simultaneously announced in several newspapers that Governor HILL proposes to remove the Civil Service Commissioners of the State of New York, JOHN JAY and HENRY A. RICHMOND. The law expressly gives the Governor the power of removal, but this power is intended to secure a more faithful and efficient enforcement of the law. The question is, therefore, whether the Governor in exercising this power can be fairly supposed to aim at greater vigilance and effectiveness in the administration of the reform law. The Commission was appointed by Governor CLEVELAND, who had urged the passage of the law, and he selected for Commissioners two Democrats, Messrs. SCHOONMAKER and RICHMOND, and one Republican, Mr. JOHN JAY, who was elected President of the Commission. By this selection the Governor gave the best possible guarantee of his good faith. Mr. JAY and Mr. RICHMOND were well known as earnestly interested in reform, and Mr. SCHOONMAKER, who had paid no especial attention to the subject, soon became, upon practical acquaintance with the reformed system, no less its devoted friend than his colleagues. Colonel BURT was appointed Chief Examiner, and the reformed system, under the general supervision and hearty co-operation of Governor CLEVELAND, was applied for the first time to the service of a State.

The work devolving upon the Commission was very great. It was necessary at once to classify with discrimination and care the entire State service, which had never been done; to prepare rules and regulations for the effective operation of the new system; and presently to aid the Mayors of cities in the municipal system, of which the rules and regulations were by law to be approved by the Commission, thus extending in an important manner the scope of its authority. The admirable manner in which this work was accomplished, because the Governor and the Commission and the Chief Examiner were all equally in earnest, is familiar. Mr. BURT was subsequently appointed Naval Officer at New York, and after a little time he was succeeded as Chief Examiner by Mr. JAMES E. MORRISON, who lately died very suddenly at Buffalo. Mr. SCHOONMAKER was appointed upon the Inter-State Commission, and his place was not filled at the time of Mr. MORRISON'S death. But the remaining Commissioners, with the same sincere purpose that has characterized all their action, promptly appointed Mr. POTTS as Mr. MORRISON'S successor, which action was the guarantee of the intelligent and efficient continuation of the work of the Commission wholly independent of parties and politicians, in accordance with the intent and spirit of the law.

The intelligent, quiet, satisfactory, and faithful manner in which the duties of the Commission have been discharged is familiar. There has been no charge or insinuation against the diligence and the perfect honesty and freedom from party feeling or preference with which the work has been done, and the removal of the Commissioners by Governor HILL could not be presumed to be a step taken in the interest of reform. Were the Governor known to be in any way interested in the reformed system, his action, however ill-judged, might be supposed to be taken with the aim of securing more efficient enforcement of the law. But under the circumstances there is not an intelligent person in the State who would take such a view, or suppose that the interests of reform were his controlling motive. It is suggested that the interest displayed by the new Examiner, Mr. POTTS, in the late Brooklyn investigation has made him distasteful to the Governor, and that the law requires a war veteran to be appointed. But the law leaves to the Commission the determination of the proper business fitness of the person to be selected, and we are not aware that any veteran had applied. Mr. POTTS'S interest in the Brooklyn investigation was that of every good citizen. He was not an applicant for the position of Chief Examiner, and he was selected solely because of his singular and acknowledged fitness. Whatever the plea that the Governor might present, the removal would be understood to be a subterfuge to cover a blow at reform, and to secure control of the Commission for other ends than the promotion of reform. Among the duties of the Commissioners the law specifies that of aiding the Governor in preparing rules and regulations, as also specified by the law, to carry out the objects of the act. But this does not make them a confidential Executive Council to be changed like members of the cabinet or a private secretary. The Commission has other duties and other powers under the law entirely independent of the Governor, and the assumption that they should be in political sympathy with him would be wholly inconsistent with the aim and spirit of the law, which are to remove all appointments in the classified service from political and personal considerations and influence. The removal of the Commissioners will merely reveal more distinctly the hostility of the Democratic Governor to reform.

MR. WINDOM'S SPEECH.

AMONG the striking and significant speeches on the Fourth of July was that of ex-Secretary and Senator WINDOM at Woodstock in Connecticut. Mr. WINDOM is a conspicuous leader with Mr. GRIFFIN of the anti-saloon Republican movement, and he states in his speech that the saloon power has formed an alliance with one of the great parties of the country. This is so far true as this, that opposition to temperance legislation proceeds generally from the Democratic party. Thus Governor HILL, in his letter to Tammany Hall upon the Fourth, says that "sumptuary laws unjustly interfering with the liberties of our citizens have never failed to meet with its [Tammany's] opposition." Sumptuary laws is euphuistic for temperance legislation. Mr. WINDOM does not say that the anti-saloon sentiment has made an alliance with the Republican party. He does not say it, because he knows that the drinking saloons, around which, as he truly declares, politics revolve in the cities, are Republican as well as Democratic headquarters, and he recalls Mr. SHOOK'S telegram to the *Tribune* about the Republican saloons. Mr. WINDOM and Mr. GRIFFIN and their friends are, however, engaged in the admirable effort to make the Republican an anti-saloon party. Mr. WINDOM holds that "there is no one subject now before the American people at all comparable in gravity and importance with this one. How to curtail and finally destroy this evil is the great problem of the hour."

Mr. POWDERLY has recently spoken with equal fervor for the temperance cause. "In not allowing a rum-seller to gain admittance into the order of the Knights of Labor I know that I am right." Mr. WINDOM in the same spirit says that he adopts the declaration of the Anti-saloon Republican Committee, "The saloon ought to be put out of existence," and until destroyed he holds that it ought to be crippled and restrained in every way that local public sentiment will authorize. The method of restraint he would leave to the local community—prohibition, restriction, local option, or taxation—and he puts the argument very strongly to the prohibitionist who will have prohibition or nothing, by asking him if he lived in a town with one hundred saloons he could satisfy his conscience by saying, "I could not prohibit the entire evil, and therefore I consented to eighty per cent. of it." So, with a law for local option, would he not rather save some, even if he could not save all? Mr. WINDOM speaks for hosts of Republicans, and Mr. POWDERLY for the greatest labor organization, and their words are very cheering signs. The real weakness of Mr. WINDOM'S position, however, is this, that if, as he says, the saloon question is incomparably the most important public question, it should naturally make a party, and not await the pleasure of other parties formed for other purposes and pursuing other ends. If antislavery men had waited to make the Whig party an antislavery party, there would have been no Republican party.

But the question is of the highest importance, and every good citizen will naturally do what he can to restrain the saloon. It is an honor to the Knights of Labor that their leader takes an uncompromising position upon the subject. The friends of temperance who prepared the CROSBY bill and the VEDDER bill in New York will renew their efforts next year, and it is to be hoped that those Republicans who use the temperance feeling solely to help their party, and not to promote temperance, will not be able to modify the bill for their own purposes. Parties, as Mr. WINDOM knows, are judged, not by professions, but by deeds, and the Republican party is neither an anti-saloon party nor an administrative-reform party in the sense in which those words are understood by their most earnest friends. It has indeed done a great deal

for temperance and for reform. But a party can be called properly the party of any particular purpose only when it pursues that purpose uniformly, constantly, and everywhere, as the Republican party sought the freedom of the Territories.

A NATIONAL DUMPING-GROUND.

THE passage of the Chinese exclusion bill a few years ago was the assertion by Congress that it was expedient more stringently to regulate immigration into this country. Whatever the motives for that act and whatever the character of the bill, there is no doubt that its passage was the exercise of a perfectly legitimate power of the government. The exclusion of a whole people, indeed, without reasonable discrimination, while the most dangerous and worthless immigrants from other countries were still allowed to enter, showed that the law was not a well-considered application of a general principle. But it had at least this advantage, that it familiarized the public mind with the fact that rigid exclusion of certain classes of immigrants is a high public duty. The prohibition of the admission of paupers, criminals, and the insane from foreign ports commends itself to the universal good sense of the country, and there is a very evident and general disposition to remark that the admission of persons like MOST and the professed anarchists is required neither by good morals nor good policy. The assemblies in which disorder is preached and incitements to crime are hailed with enthusiasm are not American assemblies. They are composed chiefly of foreigners to whom the American doctrine and tradition and organization of liberty are unknown.

Senator CULLOM said in a Fourth of July oration at Saybrook in Illinois:

"This has been called the land of the free and the home of the oppressed. So it has been; so it is now; but it is not and should not be allowed to be the camping-ground for all the paupers and criminals of other lands. The time has come when the bars of our country should be put up and fastened against such importation. It should have been done before now. We invite all to come with honest purposes to be law-abiding citizens, who can care for themselves and will labor for the upbuilding of good government. But we have no place for fugitives from justice, for dynamiters, or lawless classes of any character. We talk about protection of human industry and home labor, yet home labor, either native or naturalized, cannot be protected while the gates of our ports of entry are opened wide to the tens of thousands of persons sent here by other countries to lighten their own burdens. Immigration should not be stopped, but it should be regulated, and so regulated that the 18,000,000 persons now in this country engaged in gainful occupations should not be thrown out of employment, or forced to accept wages which will not support them and their families and give them a fair chance in the race of life."

This is very sensible, and from all parts of the country there is heard a similar strain. The cowardice which generally makes public men afraid to speak plainly upon the subject, lest they should alienate the foreign vote, yields to the evidence of the folly and danger of permitting the whole world to dump its refuse population upon us under the plea that America is the refuge of the oppressed. This truth is as clear to the great multitude of Americans of foreign birth as to those who are native. No more cogent statement of the case has been made than that by Professor BOYESEN in the *Forum*. He is himself an illustration of the foreign forces that now strengthen the country, as they originally made it. The American beginning was within a recent historic period, and it was a beginning by immigration. But it was a selection of immigrants by sifting. God sifted three kingdoms. In the truest sense it was a regulated immigration, and the stock will be maintained in full vigor only by the same process.

Recent Congressional legislation upon the importation of contract labor is timely and wise. The advocates of protection constantly declare that high customs duties should be levied to exclude foreign products that the American laborer may be spared the competition of the pauper labor by which the foreign goods are made. But we do not hesitate to admit the pauper laborer himself, and so introduce the very evil which we are urged to support a high tariff in order to keep away from the American workman. In one of the Western cities a young girl graduate at a public school recently made regulated immigration the theme of her Commencement essay, amid universal applause. The first duty of American patriotism is to prevent the betrayal of American liberty and the cheapening of American citizenship, and there is no surer way to accomplish that result than wisely to regulated immigration. It is a subject which Congress cannot avoid considering, and it will find public opinion ripe and ready for judicious action.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF COLORED CITIZENS.

AN intelligent and thoughtful correspondent writes us from Baltimore that there are five or six thousand colored children in the public schools who are taught by white teachers. A colored man himself, our correspondent perceives the wrong of such a system. The moral influence upon the children of seeing teachers of their own race and color would be good. It would spur their ambition and foster their self-respect. Moreover, the general care of the children would be very much better than it is. The reason of the selection of white teachers is that the appointments are matters of patronage, and not only the teachers in the colored schools, but in all the others, are the parasites of patronage.

As for industrial training, says our correspondent, the colored children are equally unfortunate.

"There is a manual training school for white boys, supported by the city, but none for colored. The various trades-unions block him out, and will not permit a colored youth to learn a trade. The stores are all closed, and will not permit any of them to become salesmen or saleswomen; and how in the world are colored people here to advance morally, intellectually, and industriously when every avenue is nearly closed to them? There is a force inherent in many which has exerted itself, and notwithstanding all opposition they have and are now making themselves felt in the community. While we as colored people appreciate highly the philanthropy which has caused such marked changes in the South, yet in a Border State we are helpless; we have not the means, and the city or State will not furnish us the means, whereby our youths may become skilled in the various trades of our city. It requires, as Mr. WARNER states, $3000 per year to support an industrial training school in a Southern city, and no doubt an equal if not larger amount would be required here. Where are we to obtain it? Echo answers, Where? How can people take a rose-colored view of the progress of colored people in the South when they have so many barriers to overcome?"

Undoubtedly there is very much yet to do, and very much to suffer. A race which is the victim of prejudice, and with the sad traditions of the colored race in this country, can advance but slowly. Yet the first great step is gained in emancipation. The rest can be gained only gradually, and by the character of the colored citizens themselves. There is no short and easy way. But our correspondent may be sure of a constantly increasing sympathy and respect for those on whose behalf he speaks. If the proposition to form an Afro-American League shall be carried out, the result will be watched not only curiously, but with the most friendly disposition among the most intelligent citizens to aid any judicious course that may seem to promise speedier progress.

HITTING THE BULL'S-EYE.

SENATOR VOORHEES, of Indiana, recently asked the Treasurer of the United States to dismiss an honest, experienced, and efficient clerk, and appoint a party henchman of his own, not because he was a fitter clerk or would serve the public more effectively, but because he was a Democrat. Mr. HYATT promptly responded in these words:

TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *June* 24, 1887.

SIR,—Your kind favor of the 21st instant is at hand. I have to advise that, in my judgment, it is not advisable to make any changes in the force of this office excepting for reasons affecting the moral or official character of the employés.

Very respectfully,
JAMES W. HYATT,
Treasurer of the United States.

To the Hon. D. W. VOORHEES.

This is not only a most sensible and reasonable answer, sure to be approved by intelligent citizens whose interests Mr. HYATT is sworn to regard, but it is a very temperate reply to a very impudent request. Whence does Mr. VOORHEES derive his authority to interfere with Mr. HYATT's employés, and to ask him to displace a good clerk to make a place for one of Mr. VOORHEES's friends? What would Mr. VOORHEES think if Mr. HYATT should invite him to turn away a confidential book-keeper, whom he knew and trusted, in order to make a place for a man whom Mr. HYATT desired to gratify? Mr. HYATT is the Treasurer of the United States, and as a good business man he will properly retain every satisfactory clerk in his office, and not turn them away because they are Republicans or Democrats, or Methodists or Baptists, or free-traders or protectionists, so long as they do not make their views and themselves offensive, in which event he would properly dismiss them.

Mr. HYATT's brief note is a comprehensive and admirable statement of a sound principle which is approved by every business man in the country. When moral character, intelligence, industry, efficiency, and manners and conduct becoming a public officer are satisfactory, Mr. HYATT sees no proper reason for change.

If he had answered as follows:

SIR,—Your kind favor of the 21st instant is at hand. I agree with you entirely that I ought to turn out every man in this office, without regard to character and efficiency, and fill it with such Democrats as you and other Democratic Senators may direct.

Very respectfully,
JAMES W. HYATT,
Treasurer of the United States.

—If he had written this reply he would certainly not have commanded that cordial public approval which his actual reply receives.

THE PRESIDENT'S ST. LOUIS LETTER.

THE President's letter to the Mayor of St. Louis withdrawing his acceptance of the invitation to that city at the time of the Grand Army encampment is an admirable illustration of the character of the man, and will command the hearty sympathy and approval of the American people. With dignity and composure and the profoundest appreciation both of the patriotic service and generous feeling of the Grand Army as a whole, and with the conviction that, as a whole, it would refuse to attempt the intimidation of the Executive in the honest discharge of official duty, he is yet compelled to acknowledge the existence of a certain unfriendly disposition which would interfere with the desirable harmony of such an occasion.

Rather than abandon the visit and disappoint his fellow-citizens, if he personally were alone concerned, he would submit to the insult to which it is openly asserted he would be subjected; but he has no right to expose the highest office of the people to contumely, and he is sure that nothing like a majority of the Grand Army would encourage any scandalous attack upon it. More than all, an unseemly discord upon occasion of the first meeting of the kind in a Southern State would retard the progress of the fraternal feeling among fellow-countrymen, and his personal presence is of no importance in comparison with the cordial harmony of the meeting, and he withdraws his acceptance from a sense of duty, but with a warmly grateful heart.

This manly letter will do much to show still more clearly the uprightness and good sense of the President, and to strengthen his hold upon what LINCOLN called "the plain people," who are the intelligent and controlling power in the country.

THE LITTLE "JOKER."

THE Mormons wish Utah to become a State, and they know that it is impossible so long as polygamy is tolerated. In the Convention to prepare a Constitution for the State, the following article and proviso have been reported:

"ARTICLE 14.—*Section* 12.—Bigamy and polygamy being considered incompatible with a republican form of government, each of them is hereby forbidden and declared a misdemeanor. Any person who shall violate this section shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not more than $1000 and by imprisonment for a term of not less than six months or more than three years, in the discretion of the Court. This section shall be construed as operative without the aid of legislation, and the offences prohibited by this section shall not be barred by any statute of limitation within three years after the commission of the offence, nor the power of pardon extend there until such pardon shall have been approved by the President of the United States.

"*Proviso to Article* 16, *on Amendments.*—Provided that Section 12 of Article 14 shall not be amended, revised, or in any way changed until any amendment, revision, or change as proposed there shall, in addition to the requirements of the provisions of this article, be reported to the Congress of the United States, and shall be by Congress approved and ratified, and such approval and ratification be proclaimed by the President of the United States; and if not so ratified and proclaimed, said section shall remain perpetual."

This is apparently intended to cover the whole ground and to remove all objection and apprehension. But the trouble is that if the Constitution with this section should be adopted by the Territory and accepted by Congress, and Utah should be admitted as a State, the enforcement of this provision would be entirely within the control of the State, and if the State were under control of the Mormons, the provision would be a dead letter. This is a proposition to admit Utah as a State, and to allow the State of Utah to deal with polygamy. It is not a proposition which will be satisfactory to the country.

As long as the majority of the people of Utah hold polygamy as an article of religious faith, whether they practise it or not, a constitutional declaration that it is a misdemeanor, and shall be punished as such upon conviction, is a harmless declaration, so long as polygamists make the laws and try offenders, whether under the Constitution or under laws.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES S. REINHART received honorable mention for his splendid picture, "Washed Ashore," in this year's Paris Salon. Discerning critics are pretty well agreed that the picture was worthy of a medal, and it appears that a motion to that effect was made by one of the jury of the exhibition, and was supported by fifteen votes. This was less than the number needed to decide the motion affirmatively, but was enough to show the very high estimation in which Mr. REINHART's work is held by his brother artists.

—The sum of $60,000 paid by the late Mr. STEWART for MEISSONIER's "Friedland, 1807," seems less extravagant in view of the fact that M. SECRETAN, the copper manufacturer of Paris, now owns a Meissonier of similar size and subject—NAPOLEON reviewing a corps of French cavalry—for which he paid the artist 380,000 francs, or about $76,000. M. SECRETAN possesses some twenty other canvases by MEISSONIER.

—Judge L. C. COLLINS, of Chicago, and ex-Judge DRUMMOND, of the same city, are expert admirers of base-ball, attending nearly all the professional games played in their city. Judge COLLINS was a famous pitcher during his college days.

—Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE's new country-seat, on one of the Berkshire hills at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, is about ready to be occupied by its owner. Its walls are of brick and shingles, with the exception of local stone in the two round towers. The finish of the hall is in American oak; of the parlor, in white pine, painted, with papier-maché ornaments; and of the dining-room, in mahogany. Some of the mantel-pieces, especially those of the hall and dining-room, are very elaborately designed. The views from the front piazza command the Berkshire hills for twenty-five miles.

—Mr. JOHN G. WHITTIER has never been further than Washington from his home in Amesbury.

—The Brahmin MOHINI M. CHATTERJI, who has been teaching Brahminism in New England, is passing the summer at Newton, Massachusetts, and making a literal prose version, with annotations, of the poem "Bhagavat-Gita."

—Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES's ancestor "Dorothy Q." has become more than ever a historical character since there has been recently found the original deed of the land where the Massachusetts State-house stands, in which she, as the widow of Governor HANCOCK, conveys the estate for the nominal fee of five shillings.

—Some rare and valuable engravings are to be presented to the Bostonian Society through the intervention of Mr. SAMUEL H. RUSSELL, of Boston, who has been aided in procuring them by his son-in-law, Sir LYON PLAYFAIR.

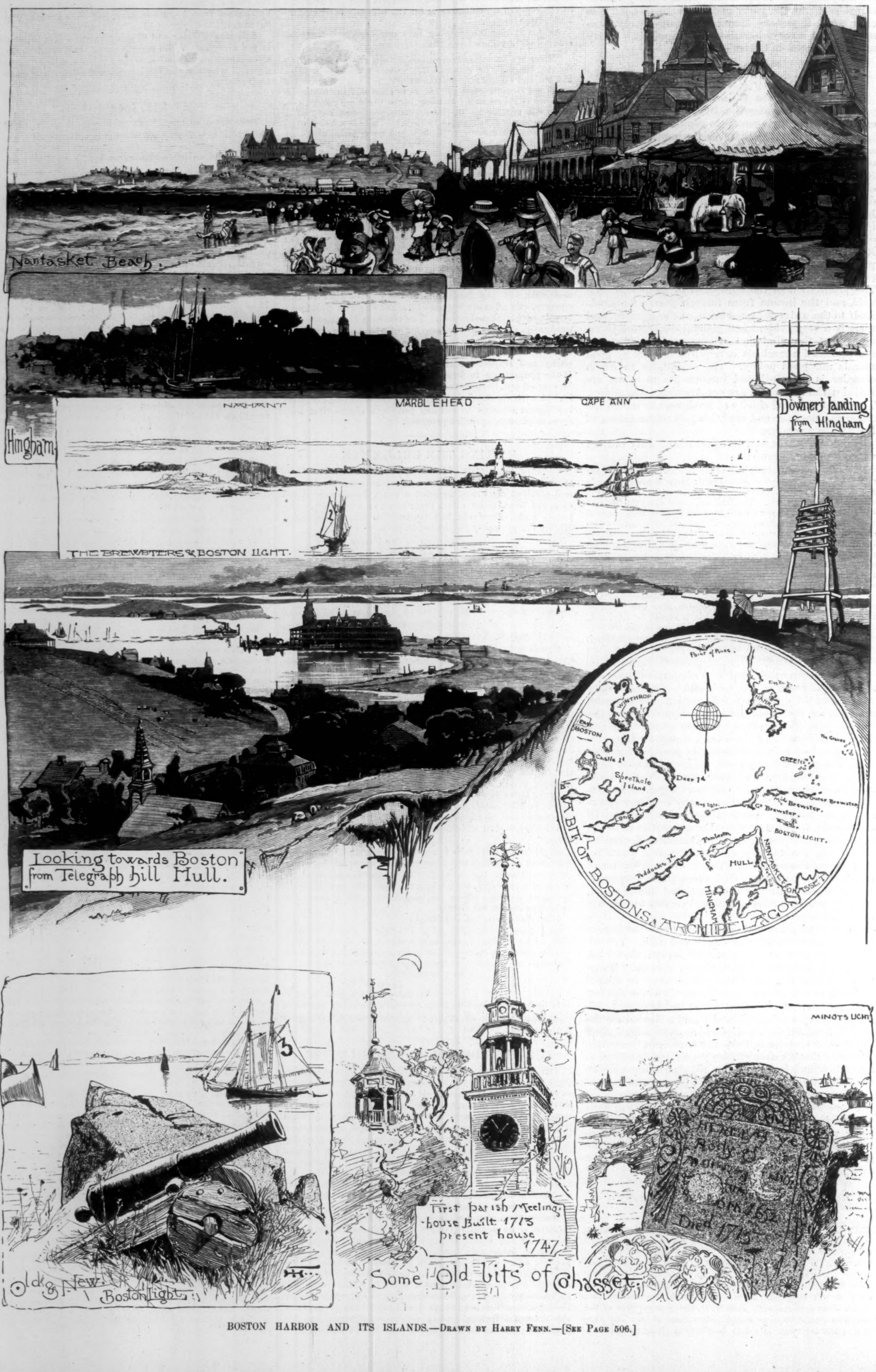
—DE WITT J. SELIGMAN, editor of *The Epoch*, after he was married went to Columbia College, where for three years he studied law and political science, gaining the degrees of Ph. B. and LL. B.

—The strange old man who called himself Sir ISAAC NEWTON GAY, and lived in a queer hermitage near the Maplewood, at Bethlehem, New Hampshire, has just died at the age of ninety-one years. He was much visited during his life by tourists, who made him an object of curiosity and charity.

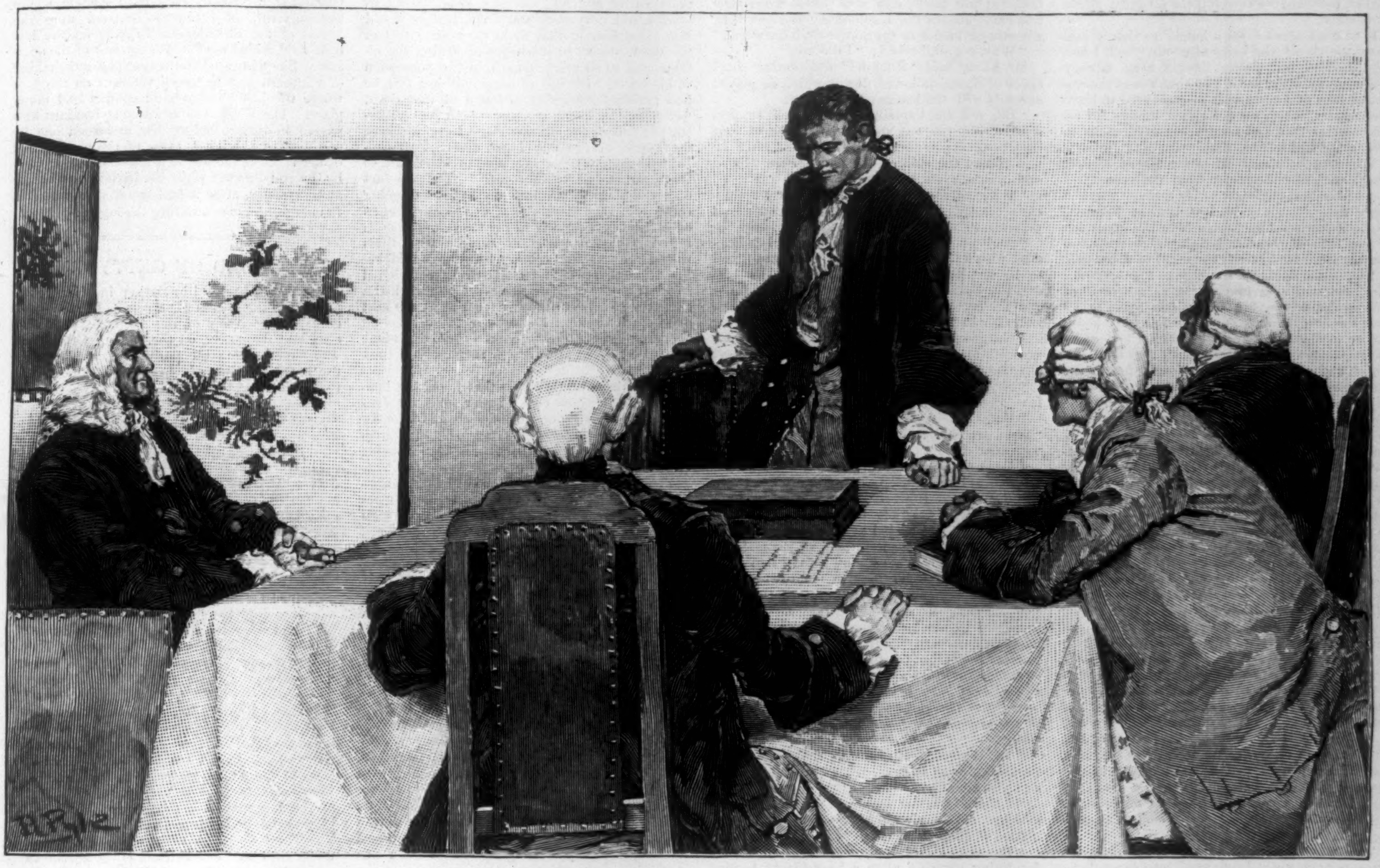
—Mrs. MARY A. LIVERMORE, Mr. BOYLE O'REILLY, the Rev. Dr. A. A. MINER, and General B. F. BUTLER have recently been added to the committee in charge of the Boston Memorial to WENDELL PHILLIPS.

—Mrs. HENN is so thorough a sailor, and so fond of the *Galatea* as a home, that she has been ashore but four times since April. Her diversions are fishing and training a pet raccoon which she caught in Florida.

—The wife of the Viceroy LI, of China, recently paid a visit to the foreign hospital for women at Tien-Tsin, and showed much sympathy with the poor patients. When she came out her chair was surrounded by crowds of wretched-looking women and girls who begged for alms. Lady LI ordered her attendants to distribute money to all alike. The incident is regarded as noteworthy, as Chinese dignitaries heretofore have paid little heed to charity.



BOSTON HARBOR AND ITS ISLANDS.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 506.]



"I ROSE SLOWLY FROM MY CHAIR, AND STAND WITH MY HAND LEANING UPON THE TABLE."

THE ROSE OF PARADISE,*

Being a detailed account of certain adventures that happened to Captain John Mackra, in connection with the famous pirate Edward England, in the year 1720, off the Island of Jehanna, in the Mozambique Channel; writ by himself, and now for the first time published.

By HOWARD PYLE.

XI.—(*Continued.*)

Captain England brought out a bottle of Jamaica, which he set upon the board, and each of the three pirates mixed himself a glass of grog. Burke drank three or four glasses of the stuff without its seeming in the least to smooth his ill-temper. The cripple kept pace with him in his drinking, at which I was mightily anxious, for when such bloody wretches as they become heated with liquor it is a toss of a farthing whether they murder a man in their sport or lavish caresses upon him. However, I was glad to see that Captain England drank but sparingly, wherefore I entertained great hopes that he would remain sufficiently cool to prevent any violence being used against me.

But I greatly doubt that my life would have been in danger under any circumstances, for after a while, as Burke became more warmed in his cups, his displeasure against me became more and more softened. At first, without speaking directly to me, he began, with many imprecations upon his own head, to say that though he was a bloody sea-pirate and a murderer and a thief, he knew a man of courage when he saw him, and loved him as his brother. By-and-by he insisted upon shaking hands with me across the table, swearing that if harm had happened to me through him he would have repented it to the very last day of his life. I now perceived that the time had come for me to act; accordingly I began, first by hints and afterward by direct appeals, to beseech them that they would give me the smaller of their two crafts, which had been so injured in the late engagement that it was still lying upon the beach where they had run it aground, and from which position they had made no efforts to rescue it. I had noticed the craft as I came down the beach, and though I observed that she had been very much shattered by the broadsides which we had fired into her, I yet had hopes that if I could get possession of her I might be able to patch her up sufficiently to transport my passengers and crew to some place of greater security than the island offered, even perhaps to Bombay, weather permitting. I had thought that the pirates would make some objection, and I believe that even England himself was startled at the boldness of my request, for he looked anxiously at the others, but ventured nothing. However, I think that that very boldness recommended itself to these reckless spirits, for they granted what I desired with hardly a word of objection. Emboldened by this, I went still further, and besought them to give me back some of the cargo which they had captured along with the *Cassandra*.

At this, though he said nothing, Captain England grinned as though vastly amused. Nor was I wrong in venturing such a seemingly foolhardy request, for not only did they promise to give me back one hundred and twenty-nine bales of the Company's goods, but also gave me a written agreement to that effect, which they each of them signed, Captain England first of all.

I may say here that though it might seem absurd to set any value upon a mere written agreement signed by such bloody and lawless men, it was really of very great moment, for these fellows have a vast respect and regard for any instrument to which they set their hand, wherefore I knew that the chances were many to one that they would do as they promised, after once having superscribed to it.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1590.

Then, with my heart beating so that I could hardly speak, I turned to Captain England. "And you, sir," said I, "will you grant me one small favor?"

"That depends upon what it is," says he.

I looked at him steadily for a moment or two whilst I was collecting myself; then I spoke with all the coolness I could command, although I felt that I could scarcely forbear trembling at this trying moment. "Why, sir," says I, "if my despatches are lost, I can make but a poor sort of a report to the Honorable Company."

"Well, John Mackra, and how can I help you in that?" said he, very coolly.

"Easily enough," said I. "Yonder is my despatch-box in the corner, which can be of but little use to you, and yet it is of great import to me."

"And you want it?" says he.

"Indeed yes," said I, "though, of course, that is as you please."

He regarded me for a while in silence, his head upon one side, and his face twisted up into a most droll, quizzical, cunning expression, of which I could make nothing whatever.

"And is that all that you want of me?" said he.

I nodded my head, for I could not trust myself to speak.

Upon this he burst suddenly into a great loud laugh, and gave the table a thump with his fist which made the glasses jingle. I sat regarding him, not knowing what to make of it all; but his next words were a vast relief to me.

"Why," says he, "I thought you were going to ask me for something of some account. If that is all you want, it is yours, and welcome to it."

Finding all three of the pirates to be in such a complacent mood, I asked them for some of my clothes, for those that I had hung in tatters about me, and, as said before, I was in my bare feet. But this they would not do, Master Burke asking me whether they had not granted enough already, without giving me togs to cover my bloody carcass. Upon this I perceived that I had gotten all that I was likely to obtain, and so had to go without my clothes.

The pirates were for keeping me on board all night, that they might, as they were pleased to say, entertain me in a decent fashion. But I, having gained possession of the precious despatch-box, and trembling with anxiety lest by some sudden shift of luck it should be taken away from me again, was most eagerly anxious to take myself away. England himself urged my departure. So about seven o'clock I was put ashore, with the despatch-box in my possession, giving thanks that I had come off from my adventure with such exceeding good fortune, for I felt that I had not only recovered the most precious prize of all, but England had promised to do his uttermost to hold the others to their written agreement, saying that if he were successful he would depart in two days, leaving the bales of goods behind upon the shore.

XII.

England himself chose a crew to row me across the beach, and I have no doubt selected the least reprehensible of all the gang, for, although they said little to me, they showed no disposition either to be insolent or to offer violence to me; one of them even took off his jacket and laid it in the stern-sheets for me to sit upon. And truly, in spite of their wicked ways, there is not so much difference betwixt some of these fellows and the common sailors in our merchant service, excepting that the poor wretches have been led astray by evil counsel until they have broken the laws and committed outrages upon the high seas, and so are become outlawed and desperate. Moreover, I believe there are many of them who would return to better ways had they opportunity of so doing, and were not afraid of suffering for the evil things which they have committed.

But at that time I thought little or nothing of how they regarded me, my only desire being to get ashore, that I might hide the precious despatch-box in some place of safety. This I did as soon as might be after I had landed, burying the casket in the sand, and marking the place so that I might know it again.

Some little distance beyond where I had been put ashore from the pirate boat I came upon a party of my own men under Mr. White, who had been despatched after me by Mr. Langely so soon as he had read the communication which I had left behind me at the king's town, and who had for some time been lying hidden in the thickets, whence they might observe the pirates and still remain unseen by them.

I may confess that I was mightily glad to behold such kind and friendly faces again, nor did they seem less rejoiced than myself at the meeting. They would not allow me to walk, but, making a litter of two saplings, bore me by turns upon the way, so that against the morning had come we were safe in the king's town again.

Mr. Longways was among the first to visit me, and betrayed the most lively signs of joy upon finding that I had been fortunate enough to secure the great ruby once more, though he regretted that I had not fetched the box with me instead of having buried it in the sand, so that we might have assured ourselves of the safety of the treasure. Upon this point, however, I put him at his ease by convincing him that the box was in such a condition and of such an appearance as to make me feel certain that it had neither been forced nor the lock tampered with.

We only remained in the king's town about three days longer; at the end of that time the lookout which we had placed at the cape came in and reported that the pirate crafts had hoisted sail and borne away to the southward, leaving behind them the battered hulk of the smallest vessel, as they had promised to do. This much many had expected of them, but I doubt if any excepting myself had ventured to hope that they would fulfil the other part of the agreement to which they had superscribed, viz, to leave behind them the bales of goods which in their half-drunken fit of generosity they had promised. Yet there they were, neatly stacked upon the beach, and even covered with a tarpaulin. And I know not whether it may be merely superstition upon their part or no, but this much I have frequently observed, that sailors of whatever condition have such a vast regard and respect for any paper or written document that they will go to great extremity before they will do aught to rupture or disobey the articles of such a bond. So it was that I was not so much surprised at this fulfilment as either Mr. Langely or Mr. White.

By this time I was sufficiently recovered of my fever and of my wound to take upon me the direction of affairs once more; accordingly, in the space of two weeks, we had so far patched up the battered hulk of the pirate craft as to make her tolerably sea-

worthy, provided we encountered no great stress of weather.

It took us about a week longer to victual and water the vessel (the bales of goods which I had begged from the pirates having been already stowed away under cover), so that it was not until the 18th of August that we were able to leave the country, which we did giving thanks for all the mercies that had been vouchsafed to us in this trying and terrible time.

We were becalmed off the coast of Arabia, where we suffered greatly from the scarcity of water; but being brought safely through that and other dangers, we arrived at last at Bombay, where we dropped anchor early in the afternoon of the 13th of October, it being nigh upon two months since we had left the coast of Jehanna.

I immediately sent a message to the Governor, Mr. Boon, notifying him of the safe arrival of Mistress Pamela, and that I was now ready to deliver the despatch-box at such time as he should choose to appoint. I also forwarded to him by the messenger a full report of all that had happened, and of the loss of the *Cassandra* in the engagement on the 23d of July.

In about an hour and a half Mr. Boon came aboard. He spoke most kindly and flatteringly of the service which he was pleased to say I had rendered the Company. He urged me to accompany him to the shore, but though I was mightily inclined to accept of his kindness, I was forced to decline at that time, for, finding that the Company's ship the *City of London* was about ready to sail, I had determined to send by her a brief account of the things herein narrated, and was at that moment engaged in writing the letter, which was afterward so widely published both in the newspapers and in Captain Johnson's *Book of Pirates*. Finding that I could not just then quit the ship, he insisted that I should sup with them that very night. I was only too glad to accept of this, for I had determined that I would discover in what manner of regard Mistress Pamela held me, and that without loss of time. I had now every right to offer my addresses to her, which I had not had heretofore. Accordingly, having delivered the despatch-box into Mr. Boon's hands, with feelings of the most sincere and heart-felt relief, and having obtained his receipt for the same, I escorted Mistress Pamela to the Governor's boat, thence returning to my own cabin feeling strangely lonely and melancholic.

This was about half past two o'clock in the afternoon; at about four a small boat came alongside, and a young man of some twenty-three years of age stepped upon the deck, who introduced himself as Mr. Whitcomb, the Governor's secretary. He brought a written message from the Governor requesting my immediate presence at the Residency upon a matter of the very first importance. I turned to Mr. Whitcomb and asked if he knew what was the nature of the business the Governor would have with me.

He said no, but that the Governor and Mr. Elliott, the Company's agent, had been closeted together with Mr. McFarland and Mr. Hansel, of the banking house, for some time, and then had sent this message to me by him, which was plainly one of very great consequence.

I immediately entered the boat with the secretary, and was rowed to the shore, where, when we had come to the Residency, I found the four gentlemen waiting for me. They were seated around a table, whereon was the despatch-box and my written report, which consumed some six or eight sheets of paper.

The Governor invited me to be seated, which I had hardly done when one of the company, whom I afterward found to be Mr. Elliott, began questioning me. I answered fully to everything he asked, the others listening, and now and then putting in a word, or asking for fuller particulars upon some point or other which was perhaps more obscure. When I came to the part that related to Captain Leach I saw them glance at one another in a very peculiar way; but I continued without stopping until I had told everything concerning the matter from the beginning to the end. No one said anything for a little time, until at last Mr. Elliott spoke.

"Do I correctly understand from this report," says he, touching the papers which lay upon the table as he spoke, "that Mr. Longways betrayed the nature of the contents of the despatch-box both to you and to Captain Leach?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"And you are sure that no one knew of the presence of the jewel but you and he?"

"Yes, sir," said I again.

At this the gentlemen exchanged glances, and Mr. Elliott continued his questioning.

"And did you not know that Captain Leach had been left behind when you quitted the *Cassandra*?"

"Why, no, sir," said I. "It was intended that he should go in the first passage of the long-boat with the boatswain."

"But did you not say that you helped the women aboard of the long-boat?"

"Yes, sir, I did," I said.

There was a pause of a moment or two, and all sat regarding me. Presently Mr. Elliott spoke again.

"And did you not then see that Captain Leach was absent from the boat?" said he.

"No, sir," said I, "I did not; the boat was very full, and the air so thick with gunpowder smoke that I could see little or nothing at any distance."

"But did you not then take care to see that all your passengers were safe aboard?"

"Why, no, sir," said I. "The order had been passed for all passengers to go aboard the long-boat, and I supposed that Captain Leach had obeyed with the rest. I was so occupied with the safety of the women just then that I thought of nothing else."

"You say that the pirate England told you that Captain Leach had been killed when they first came aboard the *Cassandra*. Did you take any other evidence in the matter than his word?"

"Why, no, sir," said I; "I did not."

Mr. Elliott said "Humph!" and another short space of silence followed, during which he played absently with the leaves of my report.

"But tell me, Captain Mackra," said he, presently, "did you not speak to any one of your suspicions concerning Captain Leach after he had quitted the ship on the night of the 21st in such a mysterious manner?"

"Why, no, sir," said I; "for I saw no sufficient grounds to accuse him of any underhand practices."

"And yet," said a thin, middle-aged gentleman, with a sharp voice, whom I afterward found to be Mr. McFarland—"and yet you saw him quit the *Cassandra* in a most suspicious manner and under the most suspicious circumstances, and also had reason to suspect him of having knowledge of the jewel. Why, then, did you not examine him publicly or put him under arrest after he returned?"

"Sir," said I, "I disliked Captain Leach, and feared that my prejudice might lead me astray."

"But, Captain Mackra," said the Governor, "your personal feelings should never interfere with your duty."

I knew not where all these matters tended, but I began to be mightily troubled in my mind concerning them. However, I had little time for thought, for Mr. Elliott began questioning me again. He asked me if I had told any one of my intended visit to the pirate ship, of whom I had seen there, and of what inducements I had offered to persuade them to give me one of their crafts and return such a quantity of the Company's goods. He cross-questioned me so keenly in regard to the last point that I found myself tripping more than once, for it is mightily difficult to remember all of the petty details even of such an important event as that. I believe that I answered more loosely than I otherwise would have done from the agitation into which I was cast by the serious shape which matters seemed to be taking.

"Sir," I cried to Mr. Elliott, "do you blame me for getting back so much of the Company's goods as I was able?"

"I blame you for nothing, Captain Mackra," said he. "I merely question you in regard to a matter of great importance."

"But, sir," I said, hotly, "am I to be blamed for losing my ship after a hard-fought battle? You should recollect, sir, that I was wounded in the Company's service; methinks, sir, that should weigh some in my favor."

"But, Captain Mackra," said Mr. McFarland, very seriously, "are not accidents likely to happen to any one, under any circumstances? Captain Leach, you may remember, was killed in spite of all the precautions he may have taken to preserve his life."

A great weight of dread seemed to have been settling upon me as the examination had progressed, but at these words it was as though a sudden light flashed upon me; I rose slowly from my chair, and stood with my hand leaning upon the table. For a moment or two my head swam with vertigo, and I passed my hand across my forehead. "I am not so well, gentlemen," said I, "as I was some time since, for I have gone through many hardships; therefore I beseech you to excuse me if I have appeared weak in the manner or the matter of my discourse." Then turning to the Governor, "Will you be pleased to tell me, sir, what all this means?"

"Sir," said he, in a low tone, "the ruby has been stolen, and was not in the box when you gave it to me."

I stood looking around at them for a while; I know that I must have been very pale, for Mr McFarland sprang to his feet.

"Captain Mackra, you are ill," he said; "will you not be seated?"

I shook my head impatiently, and collecting myself, I said, very slowly and somewhat unsteadily, "Do you suspect me of being instrumental in taking it?"

No one answered for an instant. Then the Governor said, "No, Captain Mackra, we suspect you of nothing; only it is best that you should return to England and make your report to the Company in person. Meanwhile you will make no effort to leave this country until I find means to secure your passage for you."

"I am to consider myself under arrest?" said I.

"No, sir," said the Governor, kindly, "not under arrest; but you must hold yourself prepared to stand your examination before the proper agents of the Company at London, and at such time as they may decide upon."

XIII.

So soon as I had left the Residency I went straight aboard my craft; I entered my cabin, locked the door, and began pacing up and down, striving to collect my thoughts and to shape them into some sort of order. At first I was possessed with a most ungovernable fury—that I, who had suffered so much, who had fought till I could fight no more, and who had freely risked my life in the Company's cause, should now be accused of stealing that very thing that had cost me such suffering and so great a weight of trouble. But by-and-by the ferment of my spirits began somewhat to subside, and I could look matters more coolly in the face. Then, instead of anger, I became consumed with anxiety, for I began, little by little, to perceive what a dreadful cloud of suspicion overshadowed me. I had acted to the best of my light in not accusing Captain Leach of what I feared might be unfounded suspicions bred of my dislike of his person. Now all men would think that I was leagued with him in robbing the Company of the great ruby. In return for my forbearance in not making a public accusation against him, he had betrayed me and all that were aboard the *Cassandra*, and now every one would believe that I had aided him in that as in the rest. He had remained behind in the hopes of joining the pirates, and so securing himself in the possession of his booty. Instead of accomplishing this, he had perished miserably on board of that craft, wet with the blood of those whom he had betrayed; but as for me, how could I ever disprove the horrid charge that I had deserted my confederate in guilt, leaving him to his death, so that I might gain all for myself? The very fact of my taking my life into my hands and going so freely among those wicked and bloody wretches, instead of weighing in my favor, would seem to point to some sort of bargain with them whereby I was the gainer; for who would believe that they would voluntarily have resigned so great a part of those things which they had a short time before torn away from us at the cost of so much blood? Even the fact of my having so carefully guarded the secret of the stone might be twisted into sinister suspicions against me.

As for those bright hopes that I had but lately entertained, how could I now raise my eyes toward Mistress Pamela, or how could I look for anything, who was now so stained with such dreadful suspicions without prospect of being cleansed from them?

Perceiving all these things so clearly, I resigned myself to the depths of gloomy despair, for the more I bent my mind upon these matters the less did I see my way clear from my entanglements. I sat long into the night, thinking and thinking, until the temptation came upon me to shoot out my brains, and be quit of all my troubles in that sudden manner. In this extremity I flung myself upon my knees and prayed most fervently, and after a while was more at peace, though with no clearer knowledge as to how I might better my condition. So I went to my berth, where I was presently sound asleep, with all my troubles forgot.

A day or two after these things had befallen comes one of the Company's clerks aboard, with an order from Mr. Elliott relieving me of my command, and appointing Mr. Langely in my stead. This appointment Mr. Langely would have refused had I not urged him to accept of it, seeing he could better settle the affairs of which he would be in charge than one who would come aboard a stranger. Accordingly he consented to do as I advised, though protesting against it most earnestly.

About two weeks after our arrival at Bombay the Governor notified me that the Company's ship *Lavinia* was about quitting her anchorage, and that he had secured a berth to England in her for me. I was very well pleased that the Governor had hit upon this one ship of all others in the Company's service, for her commander, Captain Croker, was an old and well-tried friend of mine, and one with whom it would be more pleasing to be consociated at a time of such extreme ill fortune as I was then suffering under. I went aboard her at once, and was very well received by Captain Croker, and where I found that a very comfortable berth had been fitted for me, and all things arranged to make my voyage as pleasant as possible.

The day after I came aboard, wind and tide being fair, and Captain Croker having received his orders, we hoisted anchor and sailed out of the harbor, and by four o'clock had dropped the land astern.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. PICKETT AT GETTYSBURG.

The heroine of this year's celebration of the battle at Gettysburg was Mrs. Pickett, the widow of the Confederate General George E. Pickett, who commanded a Division in the famous charge, with whose repulse the great three days' conflict practically terminated.

Born at Chuckatuck, Nansemond County, Virginia, Miss Lasalle Corbell was married to General Pickett September 15, 1863, about two and a half months subsequent to the gallant assault with which his name will always be associated. At that time she was a girl of fifteen, and she immediately accompanied her husband to camp, sharing in the vicissitudes of military service throughout the remainder of the war. At the capture of Petersburg she was under fire, and at the last review of her husband's division at Chester Station, between Petersburg and Richmond, she was on horseback at his side. Soon after the end of the war General Pickett and his wife betook themselves to Canada to avoid an indictment founded on his having taken part with the South, and there lived under the name of Edwards. On one occasion Mrs. Pickett answered an advertisement for a teacher in a school, but on being asked for her references, could not disclose her certificates of proficiency without revealing her history. She was still so young as to be at first taken for one applying for tuition, but on being examined she easily secured the coveted situation. When it was safe to return to the United States, General and Mrs. Pickett engaged humble apartments in New York, but old friends found them out and relieved their necessities. One of the incidents of that period is interesting at this time. Her husband while a cadet at West Point had received from his mother a gold watch. With money obtained by translating Mrs. Pickett had this watch cleaned, and twenty years ago, on the eve of the anniversary of Gettysburg, presented it to him, with a list of the battles in the Mexican and the civil wars in which he had taken part, while on the outside were the Confederate and Union flags crossed. General Pickett afterward became a broker, and died at Norfolk about twelve years ago.

The presence of Mrs. Pickett and her son George at the recent Gettysburg reunion, where the survivors of Pickett's Division were the guests of the Philadelphia Brigade on the historic field, added much to the interest of the occasion. She witnessed the fraternal hand-shaking of Southern and Northern veterans on the spot where the last hand-to-hand conflict had taken place. The Virginians and Pennsylvanians also passed in review before her, and then one by one clasped her hand. One of the most prized of her relics of the war is a letter written to her by General Pickett while his Division lay in line at Gettysburg, after it had received instructions to charge, and was awaiting the signal.

THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

The double-page illustration in the present number of the Weekly is a scene of to-day—veterans of the Army of the Potomac, with their sons and daughters, on the field of Gettysburg. The view is from the position occupied during the battle by Gibbon's Division of the Second Corps, commanded by Hancock. The veterans are looking west, across the fields of Nicholas Codori, whose large and substantial farm buildings are conspicuous objects in the picture. It was across this plateau that the Confederates made the memorable charge on the afternoon of July 3, 1863. Through the watchfulness and care of the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association the topographical features have undergone little change since the battle. The stone wall, rail-fences, trees, copse, buildings, are as they were a quarter of a century ago.

The battle of Gettysburg was a series of engagements, the first occurring on Wednesday morning, July 1, northwest of the town, opened by one of the batteries of Pegram's Confederate artillery battalion stationed in front of Herr's tavern on the Chambersburg turnpike, and Calef's battery, attached to Buford's Division of Union cavalry. The ground is not included in the view. The engagement was between the First and Eleventh Corps of the Army of the Potomac and A. P. Hill's and Ewell's Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. In the enforced retreat of the Union troops, greatly outnumbered, Robinson's Division occupied at night a portion of the foreground of the picture. The Second Corps came upon the ground during the evening. The Third Corps also arrived during the night, under Sickles. One brigade of the Second Corps was advanced to Codori's buildings. The right of the Third Corps was by the barn, and extended south along the Emmittsburg road nearly one mile to the peach orchard of Mr. Sherfy, then turned a right angle eastward toward Little Round Top.

The first engagement of the second day was between Longstreet's Corps of Confederates and the Third and Fifth and a portion of the Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac. Longstreet saw that Little Round Top was the key to the field, and swung Hood's Division around the left flank of the Third Corps. The Washington Artillery of New Orleans came into position in the edge of the woods seen beyond Codori's house, and began the cannonade. McLaw's Division advanced from the same position, while Anderson's Division of A. P. Hill's Corps came across the open field toward which the veteran is pointing. When Sickles saw that he could not hold his position along the Emmittsburg road, he ordered Clark's New Jersey, Phillips's Fifth Massachusetts, and Randolph's Rhode Island batteries to take positions in rear, and they came across the field and occupied the ground where the veterans are standing. The infantry upon this portion of the field was Humphreys's Division of the Third and Gibbon's Division of the Second Corps. Near the close of this engagement Stannard's Brigade of Vermonters, fresh from the Green Mountains, which had never before been in battle, came down the eastern slope of Cemetery Hill, crossed the ground occupied by the veterans in the picture, advanced to the farm-house of Mr. Trostle, and brought in four pieces of artillery belonging to Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts Battery, which had made one of the bravest fights on record, holding its position till nearly half of the men were killed or wounded, and nearly all of the horses shot. The Vermonters, after bringing in the guns, halted for the night by a copse in Codori's field, a few rods in advance of the main line of the Second Corps.

The third engagement was the attack of Hoke's and Hayes's brigades of Confederates upon the Eleventh Corps on Cemetery Hill at nine o'clock in the evening, quickly repulsed. The fourth engagement was on the morning of the third day, on Culp's Hill, the extreme right of the Union line, the recovery of the breastworks of the Twelfth Corps, which had been occupied during the night by Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps.

The illustration includes the ground on which the fifth and last engagement was fought on the afternoon of July 3. The last effort of General Lee to win a victory at Gettysburg is usually called the charge of Pickett's Division, but such a distinction is hardly just to other Confederate commands. The assaulting column was composed of Pickett's, Anderson's, Heth's, and Pender's Divisions, composing A. P. Hill's Corps. Pickett's Division had taken no part in the previous engagements, but held a conspicuous position in the assault. The Confederate lines were formed in the woods seen in the distance during the forenoon. General Lee directed the massing of the Confederate batteries, that a concentrated fire might be opened upon the Union lines. It was five minutes past one o'clock when the cannonade opened from nearly one hundred and fifty pieces, which were replied to by nearly as many Union cannon. The cannonade lasted one hour and fifteen minutes. It ceased on the

Union side by command of General Hunt, who directed the artillerymen to be prepared for the assault which it was seen would be made. In the foreground of the picture were Arnold's Rhode Island, Cushing's United States, Brown's Rhode Island, Rorty's New Jersey, and Cowan's New York batteries. The cannoneers heaped spherical case and canister beside their pieces. The attack was against Gibbon's Division, the Confederates aiming in the advance at the trees which marked the low elevation of the ridge where they expected to pierce the Union line.

Kemper's Brigade of Pickett's Division came across the Emmittsburg road by Codori's barn, closing by the left flank, which brought the brigade to the stone wall, together with Garnett's, which was on the left, with Armistead's, which formed the second line. Anderson's and Pendor's, with Heth's, advanced up in the left of Pickett, while Wilcox was south of Codori's.

The first ripple of musketry came from the Vermonters, who, as Kemper and Garnett swept past, swung out toward Codori's barn, changing front, and pouring their volleys into the Confederate flank. The final struggle was over Cushing's guns by the wall. The cannonade had destroyed the carriages. There was but one serviceable piece when the Confederates reached the wall. Cushing had been terribly mangled, but shouted, "Give them one more shot!" and then ceased to breathe. At the same moment Armistead called to his men, "Give them the cold steel!" and fell mortally wounded. The assault was most resolutely resisted by the men of Webb's and Hayes's brigades. The bravery of the resistance was as marked as the gallantry of the assault. With Union troops rushing in from all sides, there was no hope of success for Pickett. Those in the front line seeing the hazards of a retreat, threw down their arms and gave themselves up as prisoners. It probably never will be known just how great was the Confederate loss in this attack, but of the fifteen thousand that advanced it is supposed that more than two-fifths were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.

The scene of to-day will be repeated with every returning season, and when the last veteran has been borne to his honored grave, Gettysburg will still be a Mecca—one of the great battle-fields of the world: a turning-point in the history of human affairs.

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.*

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

The pure air, the absence of din and clatter, and the evidences of a long-established prosperity that form distinctive features of Montgomery, the capital city of Alabama, are in refreshing contrast to the smoke, noise, and feverish bustle of the more recently founded coal and iron towns of the State. It is most beautifully situated on the high bluffs that slope gently back from the east side of the Alabama River, four hundred miles from its mouth in Mobile Bay, and forty below where it is formed by the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa. That this site was approved by the aborigines is shown by numerous prehistoric evidences of mound-builder occupancy, and the flourishing Muscogee Indian village that was found by the first white settler, Mr. Arthur Moore, who moved here in 1814 from Georgia. At a sale of public lands held three years later Mr. Andrew Dexter purchased the larger portion of the site now occupied by the city of Montgomery, for the purpose of founding a town upon it; and with an intuition born of implicit faith in its future he reserved his highest plot of land for the State Capitol, which he believed would ultimately be erected upon it. He also took measures to perpetuate his own memory by laying out a broad straight avenue from the market-place to the Capitol site, and calling it after himself. To this day Dexter Avenue is the finest and most important of all Montgomery's beautiful streets. The town was named after the hero of Quebec, and was incorporated as a city in 1837. In 1846 the expectation of its founder was fulfilled, and it, instead of Mobile, became the seat of State government; while the Capitol, a massive domed building, with a many-columned Grecian portico, was erected in 1851 on the very spot reserved for it more than thirty years before. In this building, on February 4, 1861, the Constitution of the Confederate States of America was adopted by delegates from six seceding States; and two weeks later, on the front steps of its portico, looking down the broad length of Dexter Avenue, Jefferson Davis took the oath of office, administered by Howell Cobb, of Georgia, and was inaugurated President of the Confederacy.

Before the war Montgomery was the wealthy and charmingly old-fashioned centre of one of the most productive cotton districts of the South. She lost heavily by the war, and for many succeeding years made little perceptible progress toward recovering from its paralyzing shock. With firm faith in the resources of their State and their ultimate development, her business men invested what scanty capital remained to them in mineral lands, and founded Birmingham and several other places that have recently become important iron-producing points. Montgomery suffered with them from the financial depression of 1873 and the six or seven subsequent years, and with them rejoices in and is profiting by the good fortune that since 1880 has swept over the State in constantly augmenting waves. To-day money is flowing into Montgomery from all directions, and it is consequently one of the busiest and most cheerful cities of the South. Every dividend declared by the Elyton Land Company adds thousands of dollars to its wealth, and brings joy to hundreds of its citizens, while every ton of iron produced in a Birmingham, Anniston, or Sheffield furnace sends a throb of new life through its business arteries. The effect of this inflow of prosperity is apparent on all sides, for while in 1880 the population of the city was but 16,713, it is now nearly 30,000, and since that date over 2500 new dwelling-houses have been built and occupied within its limits.

Montgomery has not been content with merely following the example of other progressive cities, but has already begun to take the initiative in certain directions. Thus one of the most interesting objects to a stranger visiting the city is its electric street railways, the first of the kind to go into practical operation in this country. Two years ago it had no street railways; now it contains fifteen miles of track, upon which cars are run regularly at an unvarying speed of six miles per hour, up grade as well as down or on a level, by electricity, which is furnished in quantities of twelve horse-power to each car. Two engines of 150 horse-power each supply the motive energy to the entire system, and it is transmitted through overhead cables suspended from poles, and connected with the several cars by flexible wires. One end of a wire is attached to the motor that occupies the front platform of a car, and the other is made fast to a small two-wheeled metal truck that runs along the cable above. When two cars meet on a turnout, they do not attempt to pass their respective trucks on the single line of cable; but the drivers exchange wires, and each truck takes a back track. It is estimated that the saving effected by the substitution of electricity for mule-power is $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the operating expenses, and that the earnings of the roads are largely increased by reason of the assured regularity of schedule, and the greater number of trips made per day.

Although Montgomery contains a number of manufactories, and offers exceptional advantages for the establishment within its limits of as many more, it is emphatically a mercantile city, and the main-stay of its business is cotton, of which its merchants handle 130,000 bales annually. In passing through their hands from the producer to the consumer this is a source of wealth in the shape of commissions, drayage, compress, warehouse, and weighers' fees to the amount of $1 85 per bale. When to this is added the profits of the same merchants upon the goods which they furnish to the planters in exchange for their crops, it can readily be seen that the commercial business of the city rests upon a very substantial basis. Its seven great storage warehouses have a capacity of 73,500 bales, and its two powerful compresses are well able to handle all the cotton that is likely to come within their terrible clutches. The transportation facilities afforded to the business of Montgomery are unexcelled, for besides the six lines of railway centring in the city and extending in every direction from it, the great river flowing at its feet, navigable during every month of the year, and furnishing a direct outlet to the sea, also acts as a constant check upon the freight rates of land routes, and forces them all to a water level. The bulk of the river business between this point and Mobile is in the hands of the Montgomery Trade Company, who own or control the five steam-boats that ply regularly between the two ports, and transport an immense amount of freight at all seasons.

The manufacturing industries of the capital city comprise one cotton-mill, two car shops, two cotton-seed-oil mills, a soap-works, fertilizer factory, foundery, ice factory, three iron-works, five brick-yards, and other establishments to the number of forty in all, which pay $550,000 annually to 1500 men and women operatives, and produce $2,500,000 worth of manufactured goods. In round numbers the total business of the city, commercial and manufacturing, amounts to $30,000,000 annually, and is transacted upon an invested capital of $13,530,000. In addition to those just mentioned, Montgomery is the head-quarters for a number of industries that utilize the magnificent water-power of the Tallapoosa River within forty or fifty miles of the city. The most important of these is the Tallassee Manufacturing Company, who own and operate the largest cotton-mills in Alabama. Their office is on Bibb Street, and the capital city reaps great benefit from their extensive transactions, but the mills are located at Tallassee, thirty-five miles from Montgomery, beside the great falls of the Tallapoosa. Here, in commodious factories built of stone, equipped with machinery of the most recent invention, and comparing favorably with the best in the North, the company give employment to 500 operatives, and consume 6500 bales of cotton annually. Their products are sheetings, shirtings, Osnaburgs, duck, yarns, thread, and twine, for which they find a ready market throughout the entire South.

Among the public buildings and other objects of interest in Montgomery, the historic State Capitol, of course, ranks first. A few rods to the south of it is the foundation of what is to be a noble monument to the Confederate dead, the corner-stone of which was laid last year by Jefferson Davis. In the very heart of the city, ornamenting Court Square, from which the principal business streets radiate, stands a bronze fountain twenty-five feet high, of exquisite design, that cost $7000, and is a copy of one built for the wife of Flood, the bonanza millionaire. The United States Building, recently erected by the general government at a cost of $130,000, stands at the corner of Dexter Avenue and Lawrence Street, and is a handsome structure admirably fitted to its uses. The city buildings are spacious and substantial. A brick building standing at the corner of Bibb and Commerce streets, and now occupied as a grocery store, was the first head-quarters of the Confederacy, and contained all the government while Montgomery remained its capital.

Montgomery is a city of homes, and surrounded by luxuriant gardens, these border miles of its broad, tree-shaded streets, with pleasant suggestions of domestic comfort and prosperous contentment. Not the least interesting among them are the homes of the city's colored population, which in most cases are small but neat cottages, owned, with their adjoining bits of land, by their occupants. In this city the colored people apparently form a contented, prosperous, self-respecting, and respected portion of the community.

The attractions of this place, to those seeking new homes in the South, may be summarized in a sentence. It is a city possessing ll the advantages of long establishment, most healthfully located in a latitude of genial climate, offering all the inducements of a newly awakened and thoroughly progressive community, and so situated as to reap a rich harvest from the tide of prosperity that is sweeping over and revivifying the great State of which it is the capital.

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

Mobile is not dead. She has been sleeping a long sleep, visited by many troubled dreams, and from this she is barely beginning to awaken; but the full awakening is at hand, and it bids fair to precede a period of growth, business activity, and prosperity hitherto undreamed of. She has been a stanch adherent of King Cotton, and her shattered fortunes are the result of his partial dethronement. When she has fully transferred her allegiance to the Iron King, now ruling in his stead, and when, as shippers to all parts of the world of the incalculable mineral wealth of Alabama, her people are in active co-operation with its producers, she will become a seat of wealth and power beyond the conception of those who only know her present poverty and weakness. It is only now that a generation of young men, unhampered by the business associations and traditions of their fathers, have assumed control of her destinies. Born to poverty and hard work, possessed of energy and broad views, they are setting out with the determination to more than restore the pristine glory of their city, and success seems certain to crown their efforts.

Mobile was, next to New Orleans, the greatest cotton port of the South, and the handsomest public building of the city to-day is its Cotton Exchange. The city residences of great cotton planters, that still line Government Street with monuments of a past glory, and the beautiful suburban estates of its cotton factors, were the luxurious homes of an easily acquired and unbounded wealth. Cotton is still the main-stay of the city, but with the construction of competing lines of railway to Atlantic ports and the erection of compresses at all interior markets, added to the existing difficulties of navigation in Mobile Bay, a very considerable portion of the trade has been diverted into other channels.

But a glance at the map will show the immense advantages still possessed by this city over all competitors. The Mobile River, which, flowing in a broad, deep channel, empties into the bay just below the city, is formed, fifty miles from its mouth, by the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee. The former of these is navigable the year round for more than four hundred miles, and is the chief river of the State. Draining a rich agricultural country, and penetrating the heart of the cotton belt, it connects Mobile with the State capital, and bears upon its broad bosom between the two cities an ever-increasing fleet of steam-boats and barges. It is formed forty miles above Montgomery by the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, the latter of which affords an unrivalled water-power for manufacturing purposes. The Coosa, formed by the Etowah and Oostenaula, which rise in the mountains of Northern Georgia, penetrates the wonderful coal-fields and mineral belts that bear its name, and are already the scene of great industrial activity. With the Alabama, it drains 30,000 square miles of fertile territory, unsurpassed in natural sources of wealth. Its beautiful valley proved more fascinating to the explorer De Soto than any region discovered in his extensive wanderings, and he declared that, should his expedition prove successful, he would return to it with a colony. When at a comparatively slight expense this river is cleared of the obstructions now existing between Wetumpka and Greenport, it will present a navigable waterway 854 miles long between Mobile and Rome, Georgia. The Tombigbee River, which rivals the Alabama in importance, is formed by the confluence of the Black Warrior and upper Tombigbee, 250 miles above its junction with the Alabama. The Black Warrior penetrates the great Warrior coal-fields for ninety miles, to where it, in turn, is formed by the coming together of two deep creeks, the Mulberry and Locust, which afford easy access to the regions of inexhaustible mineral wealth lying contiguous to Birmingham on the west. These same regions are also reached, to the east of Birmingham, by the Cahaba, which can easily be made navigable for barges, and which empties into the Alabama a few miles below Selma, or about 100 miles below Montgomery.

The aggregated length of these inland waters already navigable by steam-boats, or rapidly being rendered so, and finding a common outlet through the Mobile River, is 2000 miles, and they drain a country of as great and diverse natural resources as any of equal area upon the globe. The timber alone which they could float to a market would pay ten times over the cost of removing all obstructions from their channels.

Alabama is wonderfully rich in woods, and the quantity of these within the limits of the State, valuable for building or other purposes, is inconceivable. Its standing yellow pine available for mill purposes is estimated by Dr. Charles Mohr, of Mobile, to be over 15,000,000,000 of feet, board measure. Of this the annual cut is 150,000,000 of feet, of which about 30,000,000 finds its way to foreign and domestic markets through the port of Mobile. The hard-wood forests are nearly as extensive as those of yellow pine, and promise to be of immense value to the State. The only hard wood utilized to any great extent at present is the white oak, which abounds in the vicinity of Mobile. It is worked into pipe staves for foreign wine-producing countries, and the annual shipment of these is from 150,000 to 200,000 pieces, bringing from $120 to $130 per thousand. A large white-oak industry has recently been established in Mobile by the Seaboard Oil-refining Company of New York, which here manufactures the staves for its oil-barrels. These are dressed and finished at the mill, and sent North by sea in shooks. The shipments of last year were about 600,000 staves, and will be more than a million this year, as the capacity of the mill has been greatly enlarged. Of hewed oak, 300,000 superficial feet were shipped from Mobile last year, and small lots of walnut, poplar, and ash were also sent out. A very important business of Mobile is the making of cypress shingles. Eight large mills are engaged in this industry in the city and its vicinity, and their combined product for this year will be 130,000,000 shingles. On the north Mobile is bordered by swamps, across which the public highways are constructed of slabs covered to a depth of several feet with cypress sawdust from the shingle-mills. This sawdust is composed of long, stringy particles that mat together and form an elastic road-bed, over which wagon wheels roll without a sound. The sensations produced by this muffled riding, amid the impressive silence of the densely wooded swamps, are peculiar, but strictly in accord with the funereal environment of the scene.

If the visitor will cross the swamps on one of these sawdust causeways, and drive out a few miles on Telegraph Road, he will come to a unique cluster of cabins known as "African Village." It contains some thirty or forty families of native Africans, who composed the bulk of the cargo of the last slave-ship that ever entered Mobile Bay. They were brought over from the mouth of the Congo late in 1859, and smuggled ashore near this place, which was then part of a plantation owned by the man who imported them. As he dared not attempt to sell them at once, they remained here until freed by the war, since which time this has been their permanent home. A few who were taken up the Alabama River have found their way back, and now all the survivors of that last slave cargo dwell in this community. Their cabins are surrounded by garden patches, from which they make a little money, and most of the men work in shingle-mills. The speech of the elders of the community is still in their native tongue, and many of them can hardly understand a word of English. The most interesting characters of the village are Cudjoe Lewis and his wife Celia. He is the senior deacon and main-stay of the little Baptist church that these Africans have established and support, and is the most intelligent man among them. Cudjoe gives his African name as Abaile, and that of his wife as Kazola. The ever-present day-dream and hope of these exiles is that some time they may accumulate sufficient money to carry them back to their native country. When told that they would find their country greatly changed, that their childhood friends would have forgotten them, and that they were in a finer country and much better off here than they would be there, Kazola's indignation broke forth:

"Yo' don' t'ink yo' home de fines' p'ace eber wuz? So I t'ink. I know how he look. Sun all de time; no cole. P'enty eat, p'enty drink, p'enty house, p'enty people; all brack, no w'ite mans. P'enty gole too. Yo' don' know all de gole ob de worl' come out my country?"

"But, Kazola, you wouldn't have any churches there. You would have to give up your religion."

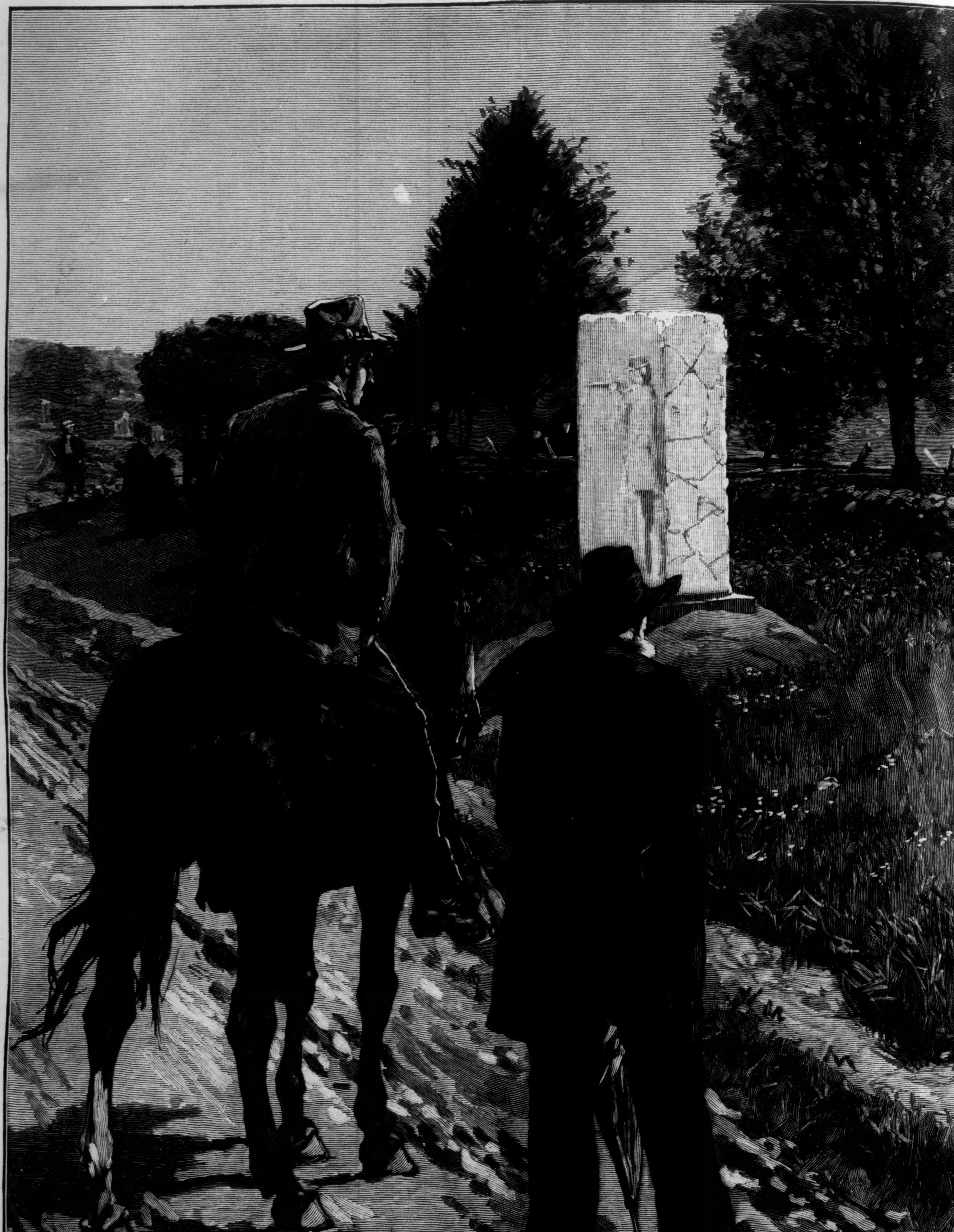
There was a moment's pause, and then, very solemnly, and with a pitying expression, she said, "White man, yo' no t'ink God in my country same like here?"

The most beautiful drive of Mobile is out through Government Street, the broad central avenue of the city west from the river, into the high, breezy suburb of Spring Hill. Soon after leaving the levee the airy brick buildings of the city market may be seen one block to the left; then comes the Government Building, also on the left, and on the right a handsome white building which contains the largest of the city schools. The entire length of the avenue for miles is arched by stately trees, and lined with gardens in which, set back amid masses of flowering shrubs, mantling vines, and semi-tropical foliage growing with a rank luxuriance that tells of fervid heats and abundant moisture, stand the fine old residences for which the city is famous. Most of them are white or neutral-tinted, heavy-porticoed, roomy, and substantial, and in every angle they have the air of old-fashioned elegance that modern architects are now copying so carefully.

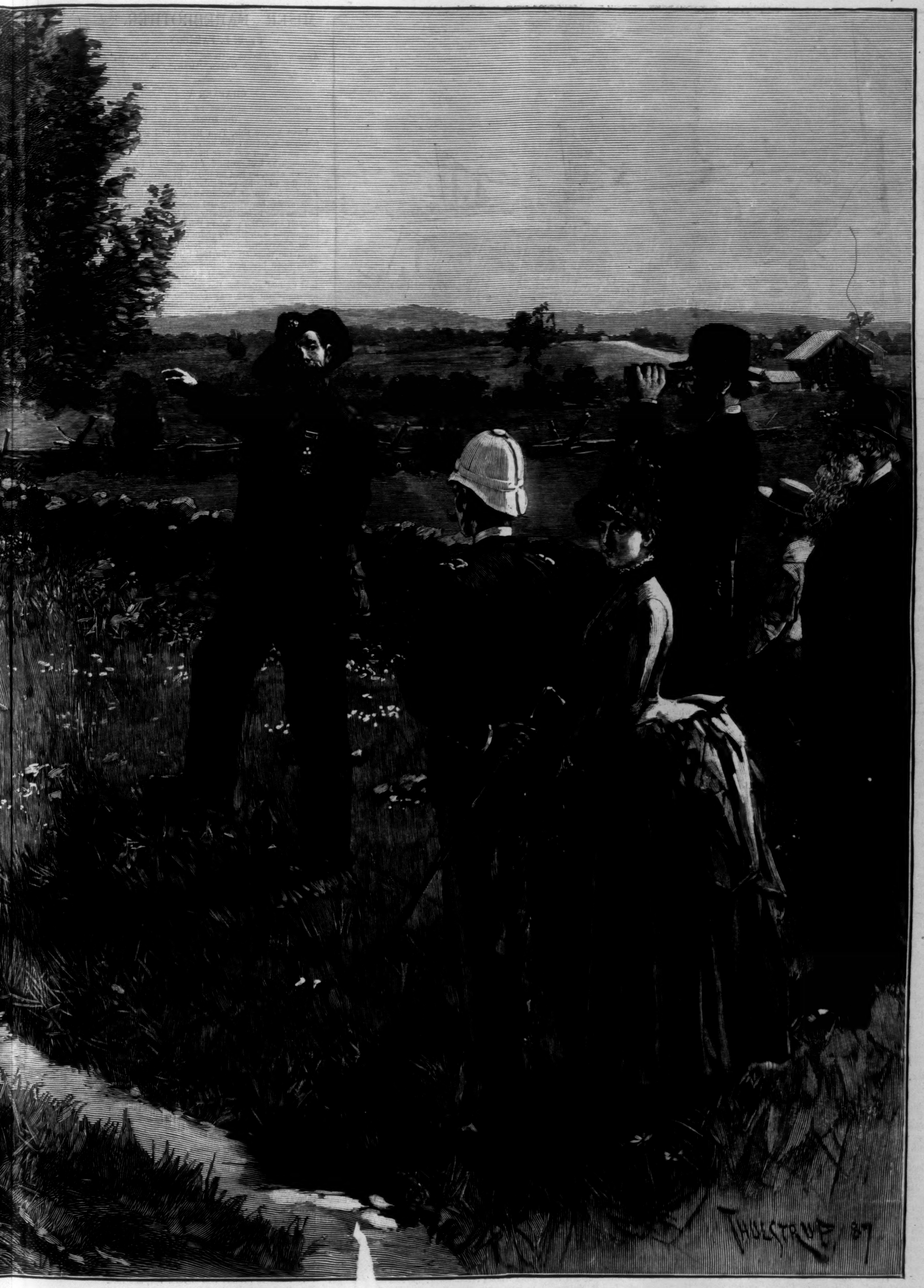
Although Mobile supports a line of cotton steamers to Liverpool, and a recently established line to New York, she cannot furnish the outlet for Alabama coal and iron until by some means she obtains a deep-water harbor. This must be done either by dredging out the present channel, at an enormous and probably fruitless expense, or by building a railroad to the Gulf. All present indications point to this latter plan as the one to be adopted, and to Dauphin Island as the terminus. Here there would be established the great docks, wharves, and warehouses that in the near future must occupy some such point in order to facilitate the vast shipping business already seeking accommodations in this direction.

Kirk Munroe.

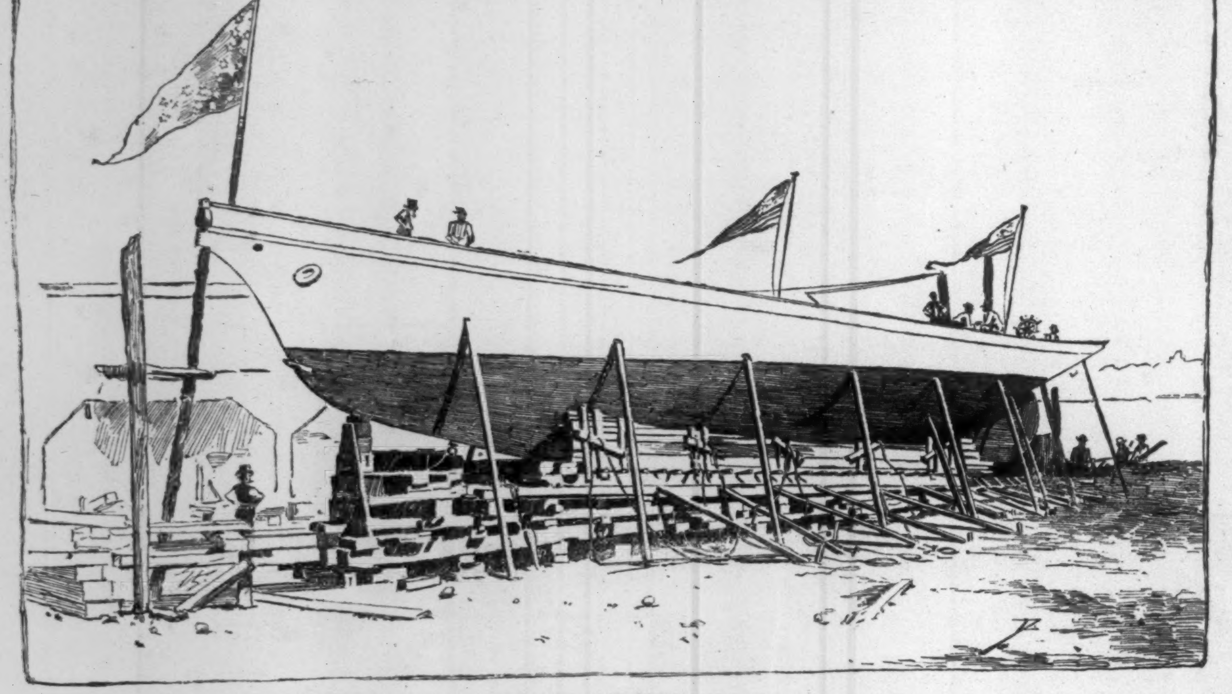
* The previous articles and illustrations of this series were published as follows: Lynchburg, Virginia, in No. 1563; Richmond, Virginia, in No. 1569; Danville, Virginia, in No. 1571; Atlanta, Georgia, in No. 1573; Augusta, Georgia, in No. 1575; Birmingham, Alabama, in No. 1579; North Carolina, No. 1581; Knoxville, Tennessee, in No. 1585; and Nashville, Tennessee, in No. 1590, of the Weekly. Copies of these issues will be sent on receipt of a remittance covering the cost of the number required.



THE SCENE OF THE REUNION OF UNION AND CONFEDERATE VETERANS



S ON THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.—Drawn by ... de Thulstrup.—[See Page 502.]



THE YACHT "VOLUNTEER" BEFORE LAUNCHING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "VOLUNTEER."

THE sketch given above represents General C. J. PAINE'S new steel sloop *Volunteer* as she appeared on the stocks just before she was launched at Wilmington June 30. Her dimensions are, 106 feet over all, 85 feet 9 inches water-line, 22 feet 2 inches beam, and 10 feet 4 inches deep. She will draw about 10 feet of water. Before the dimensions of the new Scotch yacht *Thistle* were made public, General PAINE, believing that she would be a yacht of the largest size, and thinking that a yacht could be built of steel that would be superior to the *Mayflower*, which was also owned by him, gave Mr. BURGESS an order for her design, and contracted with PUSEY, JONES, & Co. to build her. The work has been pushed forward with all possible despatch, and the yacht was launched without any of her spars in place, and with none of her internal joiner-work even begun. After her launch she was towed to Boston, where she will be hastily rigged, as it is intended to have her ready to join the fleet of the New York Yacht Club at New London August 3, and to accompany that fleet on its annual cruise. Her first race will be on August 6, at Newport, where she will compete for the GOELET cup.

The new yacht differs from the *Mayflower* in several important particulars; her keel has much more of camber, and her fore-body is shallower than either of the other of the BURGESS models. She is also finer in the after-body. Forward, at the water-line, she is fuller than the *Mayflower*, resembling the *Puritan* more in this particular. She has an extremely full midship section, indicative of enormous sail-carrying power. She is six feet longer than the *Mayflower* over all, but only two inches longer on the water-line, the overall length being due in part to her clipper bow. It is hardly to be expected, with the limited time at the disposal of her owner, that he can get her in shape to beat the *Mayflower* during the present season, but her designer, Mr. BURGESS, thinks that eventually she will prove the fastest yacht he has thus far turned out. A rumor has for some time been current that General PAINE has sold the *Mayflower* to Mr. E. D. MORGAN, of this city, and if this be correct, it would seem as though he had full confidence that the new yacht would prove the faster of the two. Experts, however, who have examined the *Volunteer* critically express the opinion that she is of too light a draught forward, and that she will not hold on well when going to windward in a seaway. Mr. BURGESS, her designer, however, has been so uniformly successful in his models that all confidence is felt by General PAINE that in her performance she will prove that he has calculated as correctly in the design for this yacht as in those of all the previous ones.

BOSTON HARBOR.

BOSTON has one enviable advantage in the number of its attractive summer resorts within easy reach of the town by rail and boat. The harbor is picturesque as well as a fine roadstead. It is deep, broad, and comparatively tranquil, and consists of a series of almost landlocked basins, capable of allowing hundreds of the largest merchantmen to ride at anchor with plenty of room. These basins are formed by its deeply indented shores, with their promontories and numerous islands. The harbor, inner and outer, contains over seventy square miles, and there are over six thousand acres of inner anchorage from twenty to fifty feet deep. The city presents a fine appearance from the harbor, rising conspicuously on its hills, although some of them have been greatly shorn of their original height; and the gilded dome of the State-house (the "Hub of the Universe") crowns the topmost eminence.

The entrances from Massachusetts Bay are spacious. The main channel lies between a projection in the neighboring town of Hull, called Point Allerton, after one of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the group of islands called the Brewsters, after Elder BREWSTER. Boston Light is on the Little Brewster, while on the end of a sand-spit extending a mile and a half from Great Brewster is a square light-house, perched on iron pillars, called Bug Light. The spit and its terminating rocky ledge are visible only at low-water. Bug Light is designed to warn vessels from the dangerous Harding's Ledge, two miles off Point Allerton, at the head of Nantasket Beach. The present Boston Light was built in 1783; Minot's Ledge Light is just outside the harbor, on the outer Cohasset Rocks, eight miles from Boston Light, and twice that distance from the town. Its first light-house was carried away in a gale in 1851.

Of course the chief island is East Boston, a part of the city, connected with it by ferry, and with Chelsea by bridge. Other islands are George's, on which stands Fort Warren, the chief defensive work, Governor's and Castle islands, containing Forts Winthrop and Independence, nearer the city; Lovell's, Thompson's, Moon, Half-moon, Calf, Green, Apple, Snake, Deer (on which are various city institutions), Spectacle, Gallop's, Peddock's, and so on. Long Island has the inner harbor light-house. Opposite Deer Island, at the extreme end of the town of Winthrop, is Point Shirley, the site of Taft's Hotel, famous through a generation for fish and game dinners. There are two or three score islands, small and large, scattered in the harbor, mostly bare, save where buildings are on them, but often rocky and protected by good sea-walls. A ledge that could be spared is Nix's Mate, with its warning column surmounted by a black superstructure of wood. These islands lead to many names of waterways, such as Hypocrite Channel, Black Rock Passage, Back Way, and Broad Sound.

The charm of the harbor is its picturesque shores, while summer resorts are within easy reach. One of these is a little town celebrated in an old political adage, "As goes Hull, so goes the State." Further along on the peninsula of Nantasket, which encloses Boston Harbor on the south, and facing seaward, is Nantasket Beach, only about a dozen miles from the city. This long stretch of strand is of remarkable beauty, and furnishes the finest surf bathing. A little further to the south is Cohasset, where there is bathing and fishing. Black Rock especially presents a fine marine picture. Five miles west of Cohasset is Hingham, at one of the southerly extremities of Boston Harbor. From the hills in the village may be had views of the bay and surrounding region. As the trip by steam-boat among the islands of the harbor is delightful, many persons, especially in summer, live at Hingham and Hull, going forth and back to business in Boston. North of the harbor proper come Chelsea Beach, the famous and beautiful Nahant, then Lynn and Phillips beaches, Swampscott, and so on. A feature of these shores is that, unlike the Jersey coast with its dead-level of sand, they present, starting both ways from Boston, a once "stern" and still "rock-bound coast," in which picturesque and rugged cliffs are interspersed with beautiful beaches, often well supplied with shells, shellfish, and sea-mosses.

ANSON P. MORRILL.

ANSON P. MORRILL, who died at his home in Augusta, Maine, on July 4, was born at Belgrade, Maine, on June 10, 1803. He received a common-school education, and engaged in business in his native town. In early life he was a Democrat. He went to the Legislature in 1833, and had been Sheriff of Somerset County for a year, when a Whig victory swept him out of that office in 1840. He abandoned the Democrats in 1853, when they set themselves against prohibition, and ran for Governor on the Prohibition and Freesoil tickets. He was defeated, but, running again the following year, failed of a popular election by only 800 votes, and was chosen to the office by the Legislature. He was Maine's first Republican Governor. In 1855 he was up for re-election, but was defeated in the Legislature, whither the choice went, by a Whig and Democratic alliance. Governor MORRILL was a delegate to the National Republican Convention which nominated FREMONT in 1856, and was elected to Congress in 1860. Declining re-election, he was succeeded by JAMES G. BLAINE. In 1871 Governor MORRILL became President of the Maine Central Railroad. At the age of seventy-eight he was elected to the Legislature, where he displayed much of the energy that distinguished his earlier years. His brother was LOT M. MORRILL, who died a few years ago, and who was also prominent in Maine politics.

THE HUMORS OF CONEY ISLAND.

MAN opposes himself to nature very grotesquely at Coney Island. On one side of the line of surf stretches the wonderful ocean; on the other side are the dime museums, the merry-go-rounds, and the elephant that the carpenters made. Mr. BARNARD'S sketches deal for the most part with the shore side, but it is hard to overlook the contrast. The island and the ocean are respecters of each other, the ocean because it can afford to be, perhaps, and the island for reasons which are apparent. Undoubtedly the ocean is the mightier, and could play ducks and drakes with its little neighbor if it chose, but it rarely makes itself disagreeable except in the winter, when it is liable to eat up an acre or so of beach, knock over a pavilion or two, and set the marine railroad afloat, making this perhaps the best watered stock and the most insecure security in the land. As far as an invasion on the part of the island is concerned, anything of the sort is rarely undertaken. Some years ago, at a midsummer night's festival, an encroachment was made upon Neptune's premises in order to bring Arion ashore on the back of a dolphin, but the affair so much resembled the rescue of an adventurous bather by the life-saving corps that a repetition of it was never attempted. There seem to be things fitting to each—to Coney Island and to the ocean. Small spectacular effects that succeed well on one side of the surf-line are lost on the other side.

It is estimated that on a hot holiday Coney Island contains one hundred thousand people. Of course not all of these are of one mind. Many people want many different things, and it is in recognition of this truth that Coney Island affords the complex scheme of human entertainment by which it is distinguished. From the bewildering mass Mr. BARNARD has picked out a few for the purposes of representation. One of these is the big elephant, which he chooses to treat in an allegorical spirit. The great carpenter-made beast did not really on the Fourth of July project himself in the manner indicated, but in fancy it is permissible to make him appear to have done so, as an expression of either patriotic exaltation on account of the day, or commercial delight because of the unusual number of people admitted into his interior at ten cents a head. Of the "wild woman of the Catskills" it may be said that the sentiments ascribed to her were undoubtedly called forth by the great heat which prevailed on Independence Day, and that in colder weather she would at least refrain from quarrelling with her wig. Many people would rather ride upon the "flying horses" than sit upon the rocks at Montauk Point; others are quite carried away with the idea of having their own recognizable semblance put upon paper in five minutes for a trifling recompense; and still others delight to look upon the "free show," and to wander without especial aim amid this little trumpery city on the edge of the solemn sea.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "GRIF," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. PAMFLETT RECOMMENDS A NEW CLERK TO THE MISER.

LONG before this, Tom Barley had grown to manhood's estate: the only estate of which he was owner and was ever likely to possess. But although he had no landed property of his own to look after, he had an object in life. He conceived it to be his particular privilege to protect Phœbe, to run of her errands, and to be in a general way her willing and cheerful slave. Had he been able to intelligently and logically express himself upon the point in the early years of his connection with Miser Farebrother, it would have been ascertained that he founded his position upon the facts that he had held Phœbe in his arms upon her first introduction to Parksides, that he had been smiled upon by her mother, that he had attended the poor lady's funeral as an important and very genuine mourner, and that, besides, he was in the service of Miser Farebrother, who had promised to make his fortune. Later on these unexpressed motives were merged into an absorbing devotion for the young girl, for whom he grew to entertain a kind of worship which removed her from his estimate of the ordinary mortal. A rough-and-ready knight he, ready to sacrifice himself at any moment for the queen of his idolatry. She, it must be confessed, received his homage very willingly, and as though it were rightly her due, and, unconsciously to herself, she richly repaid him for his services: by allowing him to initiate her into woodland wonders with which he had made himself familiar, by constant smiles and bright looks, by accepting the assistance of his hands when she crossed tumble-down stiles, and in a hundred other general ways of faith and belief in him which were a finer reward to Tom Barley than money could have been. Of this latter commodity he had little enough. The twopence a week which Miser Farebrother paid him was all he ever received from his employer, in addition to scraps of food from the kitchen upon which he managed to subsist. But living in civilized society, clothing was a prescribed necessity, and was not to be obtained upon eight-and-eightpence a year. Tom dropped a hint or two, but Miser Farebrother was oblivious, and callous to the peeping of flesh through tatters.

"You extravagant dog," he said, "I did not undertake to clothe you. Look at me: *I* can't afford fine new clothes. Go and hang about the village, when you've nothing to do here, and look for an odd job. That's the way to earn honest pennies. Many a millionaire began with less. And, Tom," he added, "when you've saved a few shillings, I dare say I can find an old pair of trousers that I'll sell you cheap."

Tom profited by the suggestion, and in a little while found the way to earn a good many honest pennies. Miser Farebrother fished out of his scanty wardrobe some tattered garments, which he disposed of to Tom, and it was then that the lad exhibited himself in a new character, which drove the miser to desperation. He bargained with his master and beat him down to the last penny; Tom was not devoid of shrewdness, and he was beginning to understand the miser.

"If every man was as generous as I am," grumbled Miser Farebrother, at the conclusion of their first barter, "he'd soon be on the road to ruin."

"They're full of holes," said Tom, turning the clothes over and examining them ruefully. The miser would not allow him to handle them until the bargain was completed and the money safe in his pocket: "look here, and here!"

"Look here and here, you dog!" retorted Miser Farebrother: "do I charge you anything for their being too big for you? Can't you cut off the bottoms of the trousers, and patch the knees with the extra bits? You ought to give the pieces back to me; but I make you a present of them."

Tom was quick enough at taking a hint. Being thrown upon his own resources, and imbued with the cheerfulest of spirits, he soon became proficient with the needle, and, by patching here and darning there, managed to maintain a tolerably decent appearance. He might have done better, had he not been afflicted by an insatiable hungering for brandy-balls, which, at three a penny, was a temptation not to be resisted whenever he had a copper to spare. To see him rolling one in his mouth was a picture of unalloyed bliss.

Mrs. Pamflett and he were not good friends, and an incident which will be presently related did not dispose them more favorably to each other. He was more fortunate with Mrs. Lethbridge. This good-hearted woman had noticed his unselfish devotion to Phœbe, and he won her favor thereby. Many a small silver bit found its way from her pocket to his; and more than once she bore with her to Parksides a little parcel containing a waistcoat, or an under-shirt, or a couple of pairs of socks, which had served their time at home, but which were not so utterly worn out as not to be useful to Tom. He was very grateful for these gifts, and showed his appreciation of them by forcing a brandy-ball upon her now and then. She went further. Impressed by Phœbe's constant praise of the young fellow, and recognizing that the girl had near her, when she was absent, a stanch and faithful champion, ever ready to protect and defend her, she took Tom Barley into her confidence.

"Can you read, Tom?" she asked.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1593.

"Yes, lady," he replied. "Square letters—not round uns. And I can write 'em."

Thereupon Mrs. Lethbridge wrote her name and address in Camden Town on a piece of paper, in square letters; and Tom spelt them aloud.

"Keep this by you," said Mrs. Lethbridge; "and if ever anything happens to Miss Farebrother, and you don't know what to do, come for me at once. Here's a two-shilling piece. You must not spend it; you must put it carefully away, in case you need it for this special purpose. The railway fare to London and back is eighteenpence; an omnibus will bring you very near to my house for threepence. You understand?"

"I understand, lady. But trust me for taking care of Miss Phœbe."

"I do, Tom; but something we don't think of just now might happen, and Miss Phœbe might want you to come for me. Or you might think, 'I wish Miss Phœbe had somebody with her who feels like a mother to her, and who loves her very tenderly.'"

"So do I, lady," said Tom, in an earnest tone. "I'll do as you tell me. You can trust me."

"I know it, Tom, and so does Miss Phœbe. She says she doesn't know what she should do without you."

"*I* shouldn't know what to do without *her*," said Tom, feeling very proud. That he was trusted, and that his young mistress valued his services, gave him a feeling of self-respect.

From that day he became more than ever Phœbe's faithful knight, and it was when Phœbe was twelve years of age that the incident occurred, springing out of his championship of the little maid, which increased Mrs. Pamflett's aversion to him. Tom at that time was twenty-four, and had grown into a long lean man, looking two or three inches taller than he really was because of his extreme lankiness. His coats and trousers were now always too short for his arms and legs, and he was remarkable for a lavish protuberance and exhibition of bone. He was very strong, and was noted as a fleet runner; he could start off at a rapid swinging gait, and keep his wind and pace for hours. This accomplishment had brought grist to his mill on several occasions, when he was backed by a sporting publican against men who had an opinion of themselves as fast runners. "Five shillings if you win, Tom," said the sporting publican, "and nothing if you lose." This was a sufficient incentive, and Tom invariably won, to the satisfaction of most of the on-lookers, for he was a favorite with all who knew him. He had weaknesses, but no vices; his taste for brandy-balls rather increased than diminished with his years, and though temptations to drink were frequently thrown out to him, he was never known to touch a glass of liquor. Not at all a bad sort of fellow, this Tom Barley, and a very handy man to look after our little heroine.

One of his weaknesses was a fondness for all kinds of street shows, most especially for "Punch and Judy," at which he would stand and gaze and laugh with the heartiness of a boy. A capital ladder was he for small children, whom he would hoist to his shoulders in order that they might have a good view of the show, and his kindly nature would always gravitate to the weakest and smallest of the eager throng. It was during a representation of this immortal tragical comedy that a new acquaintance was made by Tom Barley and his young mistress. The meeting became historical, by force of exciting detail and vivid color, and one small boy was covered with glory. It is opportunity that creates heroes.

To commence at the commencement, it was on this day revealed to Phœbe and Tom that Mrs. Pamflett had a son. She had never spoken of him to them, and when he made his first appearance at Parksides they were absent in the village. His mission at Parksides was the opening of a career.

Miser Farebrother had an office in London, in which he transacted the greater portion of his business. It was his habit to go to London every morning and return every evening. He had a third-class annual ticket, every fresh renewal of which drove daggers into his heart. A clerk who had starved in his employment had suddenly taken courage and left him, impressed by the idea that he could starve more agreeably in another situation; for Miser Farebrother not only paid the smallest of wages, but he was a bully and a tyrant to those who were dependent upon him. On the evening before the day on which the historical events about to be recorded took place a violent altercation had occurred between Miser Farebrother and his slave of a clerk, and the man, suddenly jumping from his stool, flung down his pen, took his hat from the peg, damned Miser Farebrother, and left the office, to which he swore he would never return. Miser Farebrother was very much astonished: the man had been useful and had grown into his ways, and he had so browbeaten and oppressed him that he did not think a particle of spirit was left in the drudge. And all at once, here he was in a state of rebellion.

"You'll die in a ditch!" he called after the man.

There were crumbs of comfort, however, in the act which caused Miser Farebrother to rub his hands with satisfaction. His clerk had left on a Thursday: four days' wages saved.

There were confidences between the miser and Mrs. Pamflett, and when he returned to Parksides he related to her what had occurred.

"You will want a new clerk," she said. "Take Jeremiah."

Miser Farebrother put his right hand up to his chin, and repeated, musingly, "Take Jeremiah."

"You couldn't do better," said Mrs. Pamflett, "and you are almost certain to do worse."

She spoke in a hard tone; there was no pleading in her voice and manner; had there been, the probability is that she would not have succeeded.

"How old is he now?" asked Miser Farebrother.

"Seventeen last birthday."

"Decent looking?"

"Yes."

"A good writer?"

"Here is his last letter to me," said Mrs. Pamflett, handing it to the miser.

He examined it carefully; the writing was excellent. He returned it to his house-keeper.

"How about his figures?"

"He is splendid at them. That is what he was distinguished for at school."

"Was he distinguished for anything else? For instance, for keeping his own counsel?"

"He can do that."

"Is he fond of pleasure?"

"He wants to get along in the world."

"Willing to work hard?"

"Try him."

"I will think of it," said Miser Farebrother, going to his room. It was not his habit to do things in a hurry.

He passed the night as usual writing in his account-books, and making calculations of money and dates, and reckoning up compound interest at different rates of percentage per month. He never lent money at interest per annum, but always at compound interest per month, a system which swelled his profits enormously. A ledger slipped from the table to the ground, and stooping to reach it, he found himself unable to rise. He beat the floor with his hands, and called out for his house-keeper; but it was many minutes before she heard him and came to his help. She assisted him to his feet, and into his chair, where he sat, twisting and groaning.

"Rub my back, rub my back! Lower, lower! A little more to the left! No; that's not the place! Ah, now you're right. Keep rubbing—harder, harder. Oh! oh!"

"I told you the other night," said Mrs. Pamflett, composedly, as she carried out his instructions, "when you walked home from the station in the sopping rain, that you'd catch lumbago; and now you've got it."

"Oh! oh!" cried Miser Farebrother. "You're a witch, you're a witch! You laid a spell upon me. What did you do it for? Do you think I shall put you down in my will, and that my death will make you rich? You're mistaken; I've no money to leave and if I had, *you* shouldn't have it. No one should have it—no one. 'Walk home in the rain!'—what else could I do? Can I afford carriages to ride in? You know I can't; you know it, you know it! Rub away—harder—harder. Have you got no life in you?"

He lay back in his chair, gasping, his pains somewhat relieved.

"You won't be able to move to-morrow," said Mrs. Pamflett; "and now you've begun to have lumbago, it will never leave you."

"What! You're putting more spells on me, are you? Witches ought to be burnt. It's a good job there's nothing particular to do at the office to-morrow; only it isn't safe to leave it alone day or night."

"No, it isn't," said Mrs. Pamflett. "Somebody ought to sleep there. I always thought that. Jeremiah could. You'd best get to bed now; I'll help you. Then I'll get some turpentine and flannel; it will do you good, perhaps. Yes, some person in whom you have confidence should sleep in the office."

"There's no such person," he snarled. "Everybody tries to rob me—everybody—everybody!"

"How will it be," said Mrs. Pamflett, not in the slightest way ruffled, "when you're laid up a week at a time, and can't go to London to attend your customers? It will happen; I know what lumbago is. Once it gets into your bones, there's no driving it out."

"It isn't in my bones; it's only a slight attack. I can walk now if I please. See; I can stand up straight, and— Oh! oh!"

Down he fell again, and when Mrs. Pamflett attempted to assist him he screamed out, "Let me be! let me be!" You're twisting me wrong! You want to kill me!"

Presently, when there was less need for his comical physical contortions, which did not elicit from Mrs. Pamflett either a smile or the slightest expression of sympathy, she returned to the attack.

"Jeremiah is the very person you want. If you don't have him, I shall obtain another situation for him, and then you will lose a treasure."

"A treasure!" he retorted, scornfully. "Of course: every cock crows on its own dunghill. Jeremiah's a precious stone, eh? A very precious stone!"

"He is. He's the brightest, cleverest lad *you've* ever come across."

"Ah," he said, with a cunning cock of his head; "but we don't want 'em too clever; do we?"

"He will do everything you want done in the way you wish," said Mrs. Pamflett, calmly; "and if that doesn't content you, nothing will. He writes well, as you have seen; he knows all about book-keeping; and he's as sharp as a needle."

"Takes after his mother," observed Miser Farebrother, with a sardonic leer.

"No; I was never very clever, I've missed things. He won't, being a man. I'm glad I didn't have a girl. As a rule, I hate them."

"How about Phœbe?"

"She's well enough, but there's not much love lost between us. She don't take to me, and I don't take to her. It's on her side mostly, not mine. She has nothing to complain of, any more than you have."

"Oh, I don't complain," he said, his wary eyes on her.

"Perhaps it's as well you don't. You must have somebody here, and you would most likely get some one in my place who'd eat you out of house and home. Female servants are a nice set! Shall I send for Jeremiah? Will you see him here to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Miser Farebrother; he was now in bed, and Mrs. Pamflett was tucking him in; "you may send for him. I will see him to-morrow."

CHAPTER VI.

A VERY SMALL BOY COVERS HIMSELF WITH GLORY.

Jeremiah Pamflett presented himself at Parksides at noon. His mother was waiting for him at the gates. A pale, self-possessed woman, upon whose face, to the ordinary observer, was never seen a sign of joy or sorrow, in whose eyes never shone that light of sympathy which draws heart to heart, she became transformed the moment her son appeared. She ran toward him; she pressed him in her arms; she kissed him again and again.

"My boy! my boy!" she murmured.

"Mother," said Jeremiah, "you're rumpling my collar, and you wrote to me to make myself nice."

"And you do look nice, my pet," said Mrs. Pamflett, taking off his shiny belltopper, and blowing away a speck of dust. "How much did you give for this new hat?"

"Six-and-six, in Drury Lane. Don't press your hand over it like that; you're rubbing the dust into it. I gave fifteenpence for the necktie, and tenpence for this white handkerchief, and two-and-nine for the shirt. Then there's the boots and socks, and a new walking-stick. And I had to get shaved."

"Did you, Jeremiah! did you!" exclaimed the proud mother, passing her hand over his remarkably smooth chin, guiltless as yet of the remotest indication of hair. "My boy's growing quite a man!"

"Altogether, with my fare down here, I've spent one pound six, and you only sent me a sovereign. I had to borrow the six shillings, and I shall have to pay it back the moment I get to London."

With a nod and a smile Mrs. Pamflett produced her purse, and handed six shillings to her son, upon receiving which Jeremiah hugged her, and winked, as it were inwardly to himself, over her shoulder.

"Another shilling, mother, for luck; now don't be mean. You haven't got any more sons; don't begrudge your only one."

The appeal was irresistible, and Jeremiah received another shilling, which he greeted with a repetition of the hug and the wink.

"And now, mother, what is it all about? What's the little game? I'm going to make my fortune, am I? Well, I'm willing."

Mrs. Pamflett took him into the kitchen and explained. He was to enter Miser Farebrother's service, she said, if the miser approved of him. The miser was in bed upstairs, laid up with lumbago, and Jeremiah was to be very polite and civil, and not to mind if the miser flew out at him.

This caused Jeremiah to exclaim: "Oh, come, mother, I'm not going to be bullied. I wouldn't stand it from a man twice my size!"

Mrs. Pamflett expressed her admiration of his courage, but said he must keep himself in. Miser Farebrother was "touchy" because he was in such pain. If Jeremiah was engaged, he was to sleep in the office in London, and if he was steady and attentive he might become the sole manager of Miser Farebrother's business in the course of a few years, and—who knows?—perhaps a partner. She said a great deal more than this to her young hopeful, and she made him thoroughly understand how the land lay.

"And now come up with me," she said. "I will show you into his room."

"But, I say," expostulated Jeremiah, looking greedily at the saucepans on the fire, from one of which an appetizing flavor was escaping, "ain't you going to give me anything to eat?"

"When you come down, Jeremiah," she replied, "I'll have a nice dinner for you. Can't you smell it?"

The conformation of Jeremiah Pamflett's pug-nose became accentuated by reason of its owner giving half a dozen vigorous sniffs, and having thus tasted the pleasures of hope he followed his mother upstairs to Miser Farebrother's bedroom. The miser was in bed, groaning in his night-cap, and pouring out imprecations upon fate. Mrs. Pamflett assisted him into the easiest posture, and he cocked his eye at Jeremiah, who had suddenly become very humble and subservient. He was the personification of meekness as he stood in the presence of the queer-looking, night-capped figure in bed, gazing at him with eyes which seemed to pierce him through and through.

"So this is Jeremiah, is it?" he said.

Mrs. Pamflett smiled a beaming assent.

"Draw that table closer to the bed; now those sheets of paper; now the pen and ink; now the blotting-paper; now a chair for the lad. Go; leave us alone."

The interview lasted an hour, at the end of which Jeremiah presented himself before his anxious mother with a sly look of self-satisfaction. His first words were:

"Oh! but ain't he a scorcher? Cayenne pepper ain't in it with him. Talk of sharpness! Well, I thought I wasn't bad, but he licks Blue Peter. He put me through, I can tell you."

"Are you engaged, Jeremiah?" asked Mrs. Pamflett, her fond hands about his clothes, setting them right. "What questions did he ask you, and how did you answer them? Why don't you speak?"

"Sha'n't say a blessed word," was the affectionate reply, "till I've had something to eat. Serve up, mother; I'm as empty as a drum."

Mrs. Pamflett obeyed, and set before him a dish of haricot sufficient for a young family. It was a special favorite with him, and he bestowed upon his mother the commendation that she was "a tip-topper, and no flies about it," which afforded her as much pleasure as an exhibition medal would have done. He washed down his copious meal with two glasses of ale, and throwing himself back in his chair, gave her an account of the interview. He had written no end of things at the miser's dictation—letters, threats of what would be done if certain sums of money were not forth-coming at stated times, and statements of conversations which he was supposed to be listening to without the clients being aware of. Then he was set to calculate sums of great intricacy—to add up, to multiply, not only pounds, shillings, and pence, but farthings and fractions of farthings. He performed these tasks to Miser Farebrother's satisfaction. "I'm a regular dab at figures, you know," said Jeremiah to his mother; and the end of it was that he was engaged, and that the miser had promised to make his fortune.

"I mean to make it, mother," said Jeremiah.

"I shall live to see you ride in your carriage," said she.

"I'll be able to afford it one day; but"—with a touch of shrewdness of which Miser Farebrother himself might have been proud—"it will be cheaper, don't you think, to ride in other people's?"

This made Mrs. Pamflett laugh, and she kissed him, and praised him for his cleverness. She wished him to remain with her the whole of the day; but he said he must get back to London, and after screwing two or three more shillings out of her, he bade her good-by. She stood at the gates watching him till he was out of sight, sucking the knob of his new walking-stick, and flourishing it with an air. He was in the mood for enjoyment, and he was not at all in the hurry he expressed to get back to the metropolis. Meeting a small urchin in a lane, he bailed him up.

"What's your name, you scoundrel?" he said, setting the boy before him.

"Roger," said the trembling lad, whose age might have been six, and was certainly not more.

Jeremiah gave him a violent shaking. "Say 'sir'; say 'Roger, sir.'"

"Roger, sir."

"Say it louder. If you cry, I'll chop you into little bits."

"Roger, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing, sir."

"How dare you do nothing? Bow to me."

The frightened little chap bowed, whipping off his cap at Jeremiah's command.

"Bow three times. Lower—lower—lower!" The little chap obeyed, bowing almost to the stones.

"Now say, 'I beg your pardon, *sir;* and I'll never do so agin.'"

"I beg your pardon, *sir;* and I'll never do so agin."

Jeremiah slapped his face, and walked away, whistling. It was a good commencement. He was really enjoying himself. When he reached the village another excitement greeted him. There was a "Punch and Judy" being shown, and a large crowd, chiefly composed of children, was gathered around the entertainment. Among the on-lookers were Phœbe and Tom Barley. Jeremiah elbowed his way into the centre of the crowd, and presently a girl cried "Oh!" and looked round, rubbing her arm. She was a plain-looking girl, and somebody had given her a sharp pinch. Jeremiah Pamflett looked away, with a successful effort at unconsciousness. Edging a little further on he stationed himself behind another plain girl, who also the next minute cried "Oh!" and looked round, without discovering her tormentor. This was one of Jeremiah's favorite pastimes, mixing in a crowd of children and pinching the ugly girls. Both Phœbe and Tom Barley were too deeply absorbed in the show to notice these mean diversions, and Jeremiah moved about, enjoying himself to his heart's content, till he found himself standing just behind Phœbe, having pushed between her and Tom. Eying her over, to select a nice place for his fingers, he was on the point of operating, when a slight turn on Phœbe's part gave him a view of her face.

"She's too pretty to pinch," thought he; "I'll kiss her."

Judging his opportunity and the favorable moment, he slyly planted a kiss upon her neck. The young girl started, and blushed all over.

"Tom!" she screamed.

At that precise moment a remarkable incident occurred. Jeremiah Pamflett felt a strong hand on his collar and another strong hand at his waist, and, presto! he was twisted off his legs and raised in the air. His next bewildering sensation was being run away with. It was Tom Barley now who was the principal actor. He had observed Jeremiah Pamflett's proceeding, and he had acted on the excitement of the moment, with a vague idea of running away with the delinquent, and administering sound punishment to him by throwing him into a pond if he could find one, or into a prickly hedge, or something of the sort.

There was instant confusion in the crowd. All the children looked after the flying figure of Tom Barley, holding the astonished Jeremiah aloft. The show-men were not entirely dissatisfied, the entertainment being very near its end, and a fair amount of coppers having been already gathered. Toby, an impulsive dog, and somewhat new to the business, could not resist his proclivities, and darted after Tom and Jeremiah. Phœbe, in terror, screamed, "Come back, Tom! come back!"

Her voice reached Tom's ears, and he instantly turned back, followed by Toby. Arrived at his starting-point, he dropped Jeremiah to the ground, who slowly rose, in a woful plight. His nice new clothes were disarranged; buttons were off; there was a rent here and there; he picked

up his nice new hat, crushed and out of shape.

"Why don't you hit one of your own size?" he cried, with his right elbow raised to protect his face.

"I haven't hit you yet," said Tom. Phœbe was clinging to his arm. "And now I look at you, I *am* a little too big for you. But you've got to be hit by some one."

"I'll have the law of you!" gasped Jeremiah, gazing ruefully at his hat. "You shall pay for it, or my name ain't Jeremiah Pamflett."

"Oh! Jeremiah Pamflett, is it?" said Tom, in no wise diverted from his intention by the intelligence.

"Come away, Tom," said Phœbe, imploringly. "Let us go home."

If anything could have contributed to Jeremiah's escape, it was this; but Tom Barley's spirit was roused, also his sense of justice, and under such influences he could be firm.

"In a minute or two," he said to her. "There's nothing to be frightened at. Look here," and he addressed the crowd, "this young London spark has insulted my mistress."

"And he pinched *me!*" exclaimed a girl, light dawning upon her, and through her upon other of Jeremiah's victims.

"He pinched *me!*" "He pinched *me!*" came in a chorus from half a dozen indignant girls.

"That settles it," said Tom. "Is there any one here of his own size, or less, that 'll tackle him for twopence and a brandy-ball?"

"Couldn't speak fairer," said one of the show-men.

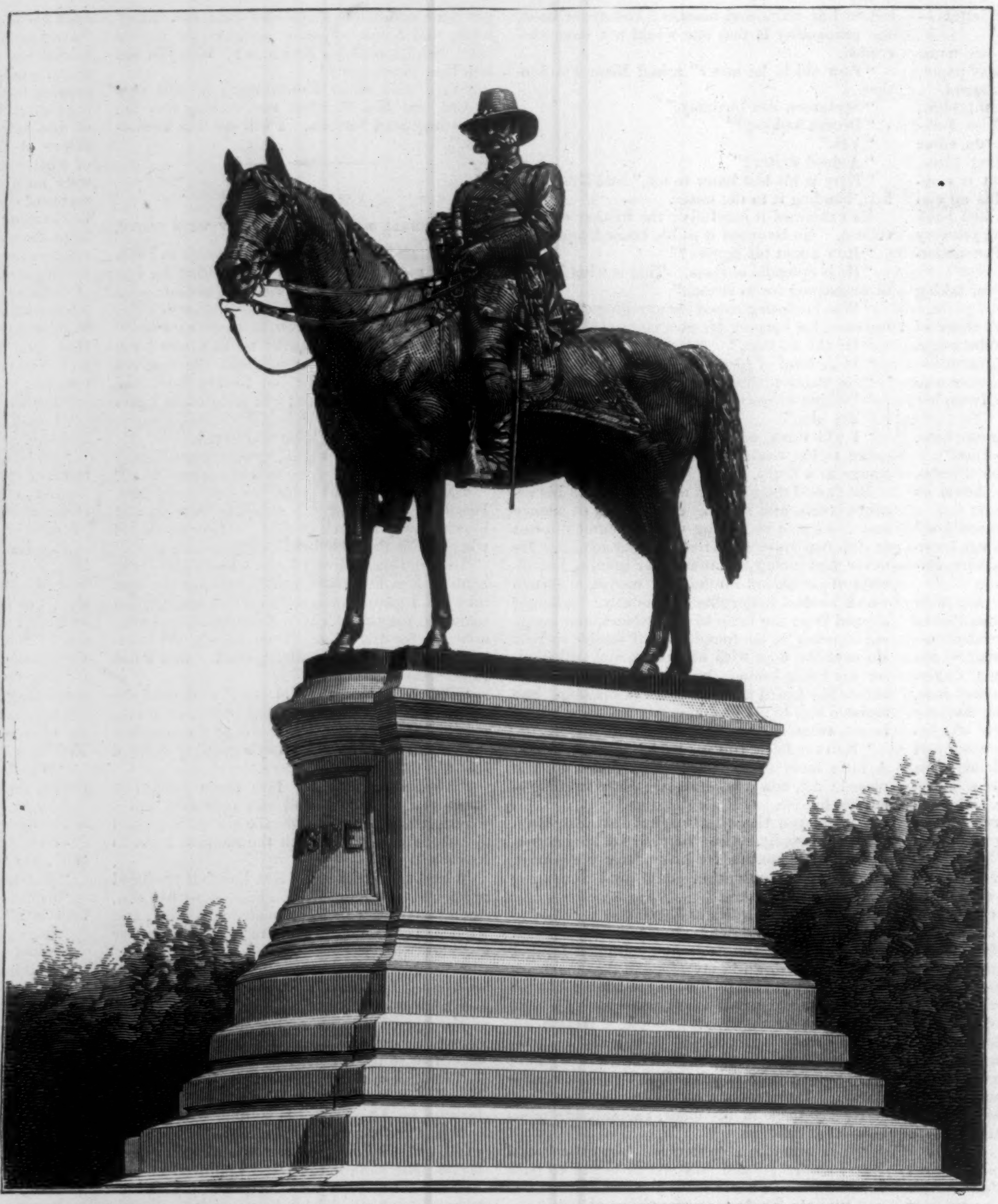
Now among the crowd was a very small boy, several inches below Jeremiah Pamflett in height, but so renowned for his pluck that he had earned the cognomen of "The Bantam."

Forth stepped the Bantam. "I will!" said he.

"Hooray!" cried the other boys and girls. "Hooray for the Bantam!"

"Bray-vo, little un," said the show-man.

"Here's your twopence," said Tom Barley, "and your brandy-ball. Fight him."



MONUMENT TO GEN. AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, UNVEILED JULY 4, 1887, AT PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.—[See Page 510.]

"Make a ring," said the show-man, delightedly arranging the children in a circle. "I'll see that it's fair play."

Jeremiah and the Bantam were already in the centre, the Bantam with his coat off and his shirt sleeves tucked up. Jeremiah, looking down upon him, inwardly congratulated himself.

"Come on," he said, "and be made a jelly of!"

Nothing daunted, the Bantam squared up, and the battle commenced. It looked "any odds on the long un," the show-man declared, as he inwardly determined to protect the little fellow from too severe a punishment. But a wonder was in store. Despite his size, Jeremiah found it impossible to reach the Bantam, who skipped about in the liveliest fashion, springing up and planting one on Jeremiah's nose, and another on his right eye, and another on his mouth, which puffed up his lips and set all his teeth chattering. In a short time he did not know exactly where he was, and he hit out more wildly. The audience cheered the little champion, and encouraged him by crying, "Go it, Bantam! Go it! Give him another on the nose!" and every now and then "Time!" was called by the show-man, who declared that the Bantam was "a chap after his own heart." At length, Jeremiah Pamflett, completely bewildered, stepping back, tripped, and fell flat.

"Any more?" cried the Bantam.

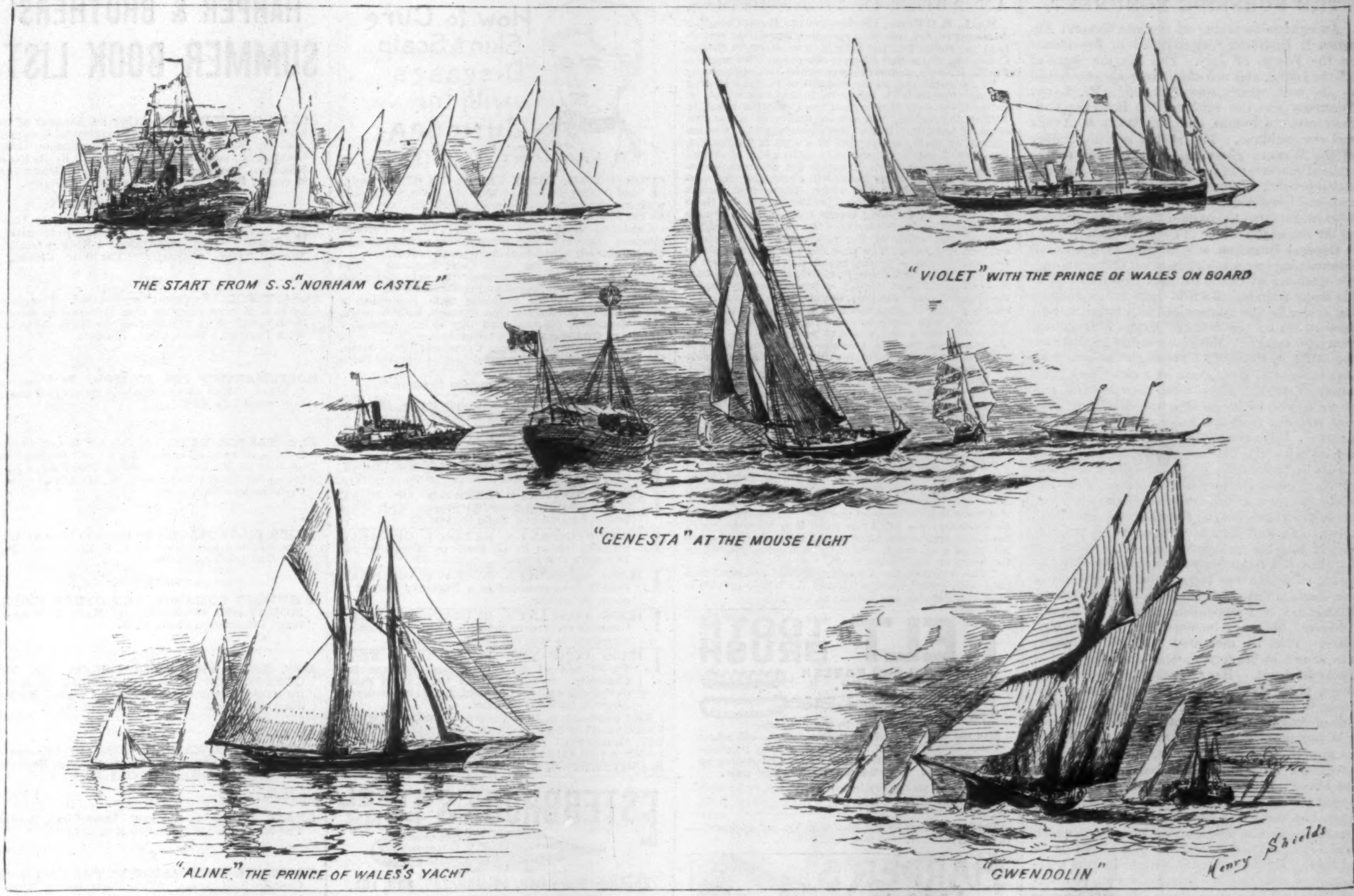
Jeremiah remained on the ground, and did not attempt to rise. The show-man threw up his hat.

"We gives in," he said. "Three cheers for the Bantam!"

They were given with a will; and then a collection was made, and the champion was presented with fourpence half-penny, and wiping his glory-covered brows, stalked off to the sweet-stuff shop, accompanied by his admirers. Tom and Phœbe took their departure, and the show-men shouldered their Punch and Judy, and walked away with Toby. Jeremiah picked himself up, and crawled to the railway station, shorn of his pride.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"'ANY MORE?' CRIED THE BANTAM."—[See Serial "Miser Farebrother."]



SKETCHES FROM THE JUBILEE YACHT RACE.—DRAWN BY HENRY SHIELDS.

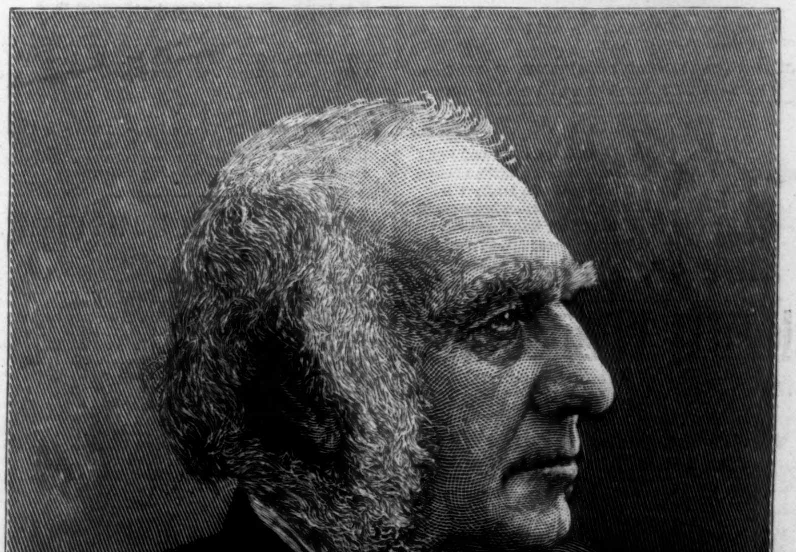
THE JUBILEE YACHT RACE.

WITH the opening of the present year—the fiftieth of Queen VICTORIA'S reign—it was resolved by the yachting men of Great Britain that an appropriate part of the ceremonial commemoration of this event would be a grand international ocean yacht race, and a prize of one thousand guineas was offered by the Royal Thames Yacht Club. Various courses were suggested, among them that from Cowes to Sandy Hook.

That, however, which found most favor with yachting men, or rather with yacht owners, was from Cowes to and around one or all of the Western Islands (the Azores). Had this course been decided on, there is no doubt but that there would have been a fair representation of American yachts among the starters, and notably the schooners *Coronet* and *Dauntless*, which had completed their ocean contest, and were on the spot, ready for the race.

The committee in charge, however, with the best intentions, selected a course extremely distasteful to yacht owners, viz, for the yachts to go around the British Isles. The committee thought that if a course along the land was adopted there would be attendant steamers constantly, and the yachts would be sighted and reported from the various signal stations. Their reason was a good one, but it was found impossible to overcome the objections of the owners, and finally, instead of a fleet of some seventy yachts, as had been expected, only eleven started. These were the *Aline*, *Sleuthhound*, *Dawn*, *Dauntless*, *Genesta*, *Mabel*, *Vol-au-Vent*, *Atlantis*, *Gwendolin*, *Bridesmaid*, and *Hélène*. Instead of a large fleet of attendant steamers, there was only the *Norham Castle*, and she was not at all crowded with passengers. Those who went on her paid $120 each for his passage, but did not see much of the race, on account of the movements of the vessels being hidden by fog soon after the start.

From the first the result of the race was a foregone conclusion. Barring accidents, the *Genesta* was a sure winner. The start was made June 14, and the *Genesta* finished June 27, the *Sleuthhound* second, and arriving some hours later. The time of the *Genesta* was twelve days, sixteen hours, fifty-five minutes. Next to the *Sleuthhound* to arrive were the *Gwendolin*, *Hélène*, and *Aline*, and each of these yachts will receive a medal.



THE LATE ANSON P. MORRILL, OF MAINE.—[SEE PAGE 506.]

MRS. GEORGE E PICKETT.—[SEE PAGE 502.]

THE BURNSIDE MONUMENT.

An equestrian statue of the late General Ambrose E. Burnside was unveiled in Providence on the Fourth of July. The city, the State of Rhode Island, and private individuals subscribed to its cost, which was $30,000. Mr. Launt Thompson was the sculptor, the Bonnard Company cast the bronze, and Mr. Henry O. Avery was the architect. The sketch in this number of the Weekly gives an adequate idea of the general character of the statue, which is dignified and reposeful. The combined bronze figures of man and horse have a height of 13½ feet, and the total height from the base of the granite pedestal to the top of the statue is about 31 feet.

General Burnside was a man who, with all shortcomings as a soldier, possessed fine and noble qualities of character that endeared him to his many friends. Born in 1824 in an Indiana log cabin, he was apprenticed to a tailor, and afterward set up the firm of "Myers & Burnside, merchant tailors." But possessed of an ambition for other weapons than shears, he procured an appointment to West Point as a cadet, and graduated in 1847. After some frontier and garrison service he invented a breech-loading rifle, and resigned from the army to push its manufacture. Unsuccessful in this, he became connected with the Illinois Central Railroad, and finally its Treasurer. He had married a daughter of Nathaniel Bishop, of Providence, and Governor Sprague, at the outbreak of the civil war, made him Colonel of the First Rhode Island Regiment. At Bull Run he commanded a brigade, but it was his successful expedition to North Carolina, the following winter, that brought him fame. Then he was transferred to the Army of the Potomac, and eventually succeeded General McClellan in its command, though he frankly confessed his utter incompetency for this high place. That he measured well his incapacity was shown in his terrible and bloody repulse at Fredericksburg. He afterward served at the West, being besieged at Knoxville, and then through Grant's Virginia campaign of 1864, still in command of the Ninth Corps.

While unfortunately set to do tasks beyond his powers, against his protest, Burnside was yet recognized on all hands as patriotic, unselfish, and brave. He was soldierly in bearing, and possessed charming personal traits. Rhode Island made him thrice her Governor, and then elected and re-elected him a Senator in Congress, in which capacity he was serving at the time of his death in 1881. The hearty spirit with which the ceremonies of unveiling his monument were conducted suggested how many warm admirers Senator Burnside's memory still has in Rhode Island.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

There are few who endure bodily troubles without complaint. Did you ever meet among the heroes or heroines of your acquaintance—if any such there have been—one with a yellowish cast of countenance and that jaundiced aspect generally which the most unpractised eye recognizes as the product of a disordered liver, who did not complain, and peevishly too, of the soreness of the recalcitrant organ, of pains beneath the right shoulder-blade, of dyspeptic symptoms, constipation, and headache? Of course you never did, and of course the individual was not using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, or he would not so have looked—so have complained. To purify the blood when contaminated with bile, and conduct the secretion into its proper channel, to re-establish regularity of the bowels, banish bilious headache and remove impediments to complete digestion, nothing can approach in efficacy this peerless alterative and tonic. Malarial complaints, always involving the liver and kidney and bladder inactivity, are remedied by it. It is a capital appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

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AN ARTIST IN THE SELKIRKS.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Art, has been spending some time recently at the summit of the Selkirk Mountains, in British Columbia, where that range is crossed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and has thus recorded his impressions:

"I am encamped on the summit of the pass leading through the Selkirk range of mountains, which lie between the two crossings of the Columbia River, in British Columbia. We are in reality in a narrow, crooked pass, but it has the appearance of a small plateau or basin, surrounded by a wall of mountains, the sides of which slope steeply up to a row of ragged peaks, the upper parts of which are as much snow-clad as the precipitous forms will allow, showing dazzling seams and patches of white. Three large glaciers are in sight from the camp. On the hottest day there is a cool and refreshing breeze from these enormous ice-fields, of which we see only the outcropping edges, and yet the width of the smallest is more than a quarter of a mile. The pass itself is 4300 feet above the sea, and the adjoining mountains rise from six to eight thousand feet above it, clearly in view from base to summit. Mount Hermit, which apparently blocks the eastern end of the pass, is a magnificent peak. He stands a mile in perpendicular height above the railway track, with a glacier on his right shoulder, and a face which looks and is almost perpendicular. Looking westward, there is a double glacier, divided by a pyramidal purple mountain, round which it extends for miles beyond our station.

"The Canadian Pacific people are building a large hotel for tourists [now completed, and open] close to the railway, and with a splendid panoramic view of the mountains and glacier. It is scarcely possible to conceive a situation so attractive. . . . The difficulty here is not to find attractive places to go to, but the necessity of leaving so much unseen.

"As for sport . . . there are plenty of mountain goats to be had by climbing. Bears—grizzly, cinnamon, and black—are too plentiful to be quite pleasant, unless one is armed. Further west, wild-fowl abound, and some fine varieties of grouse. There are trout in all these streams, but I fancy the Bow River is one of the best; and in the lakes (about Banff Springs) there are large gray trout. Salmon, of course, abound in the rivers on the Pacific Slope.

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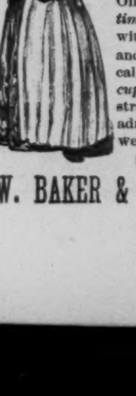

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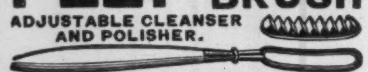

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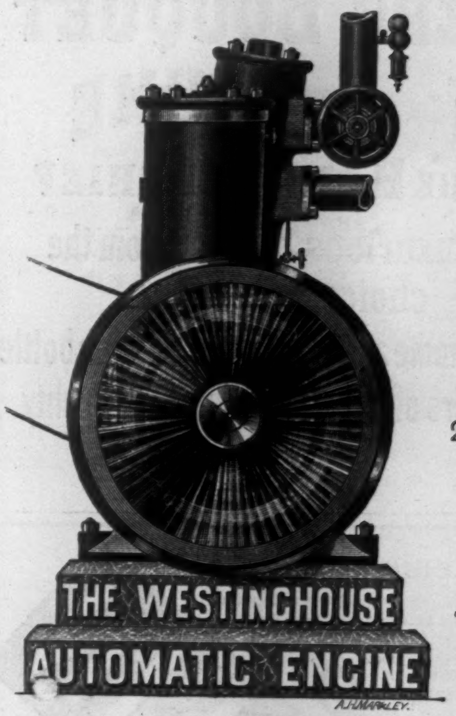

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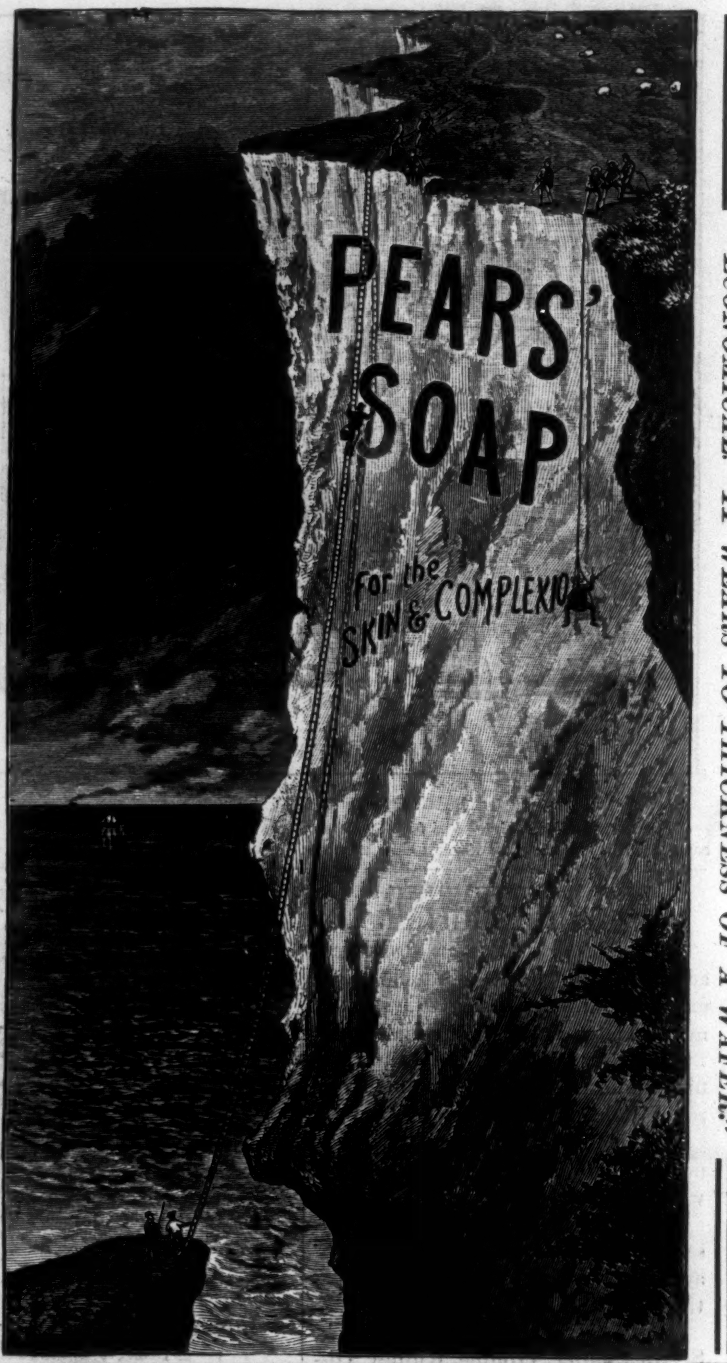

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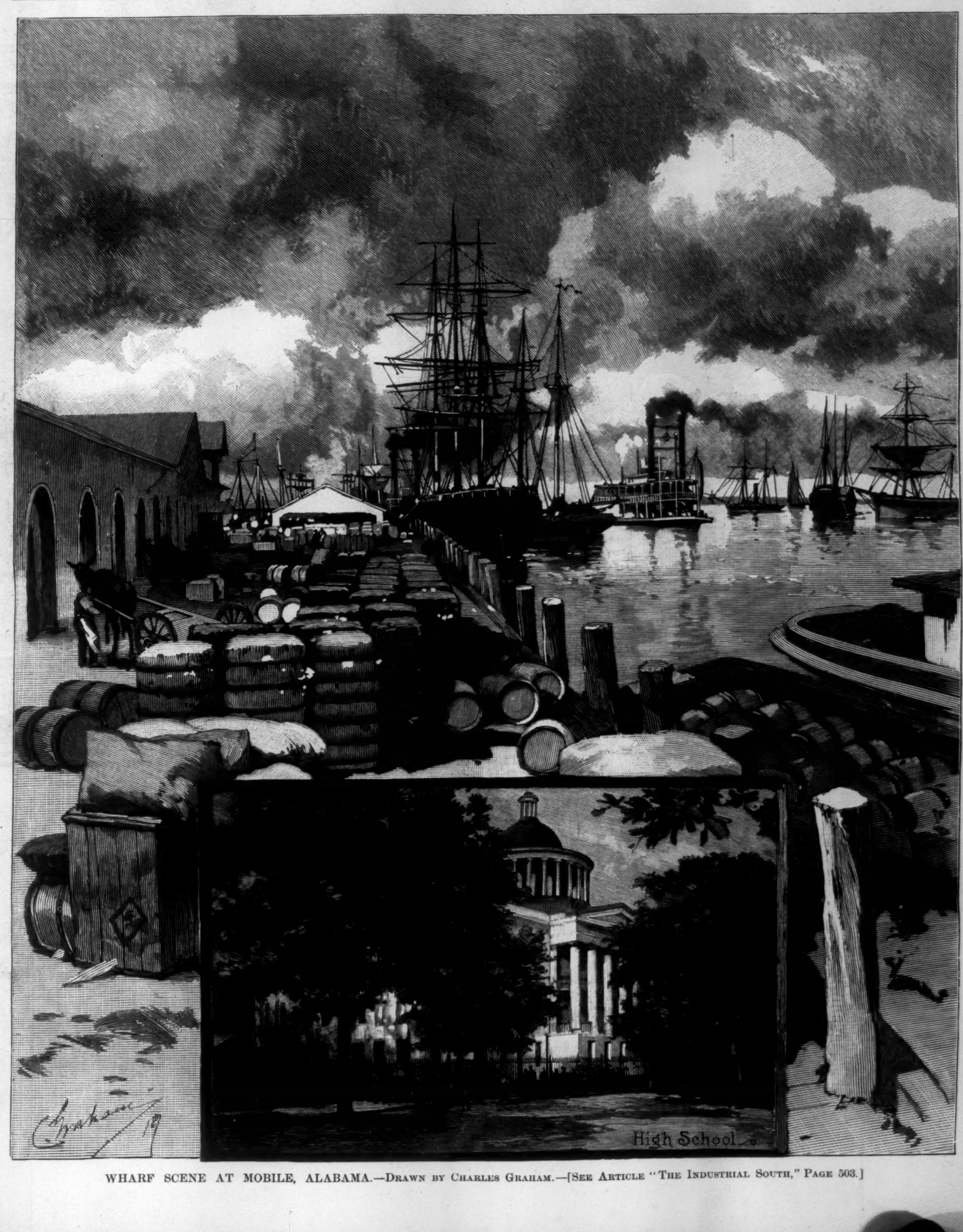
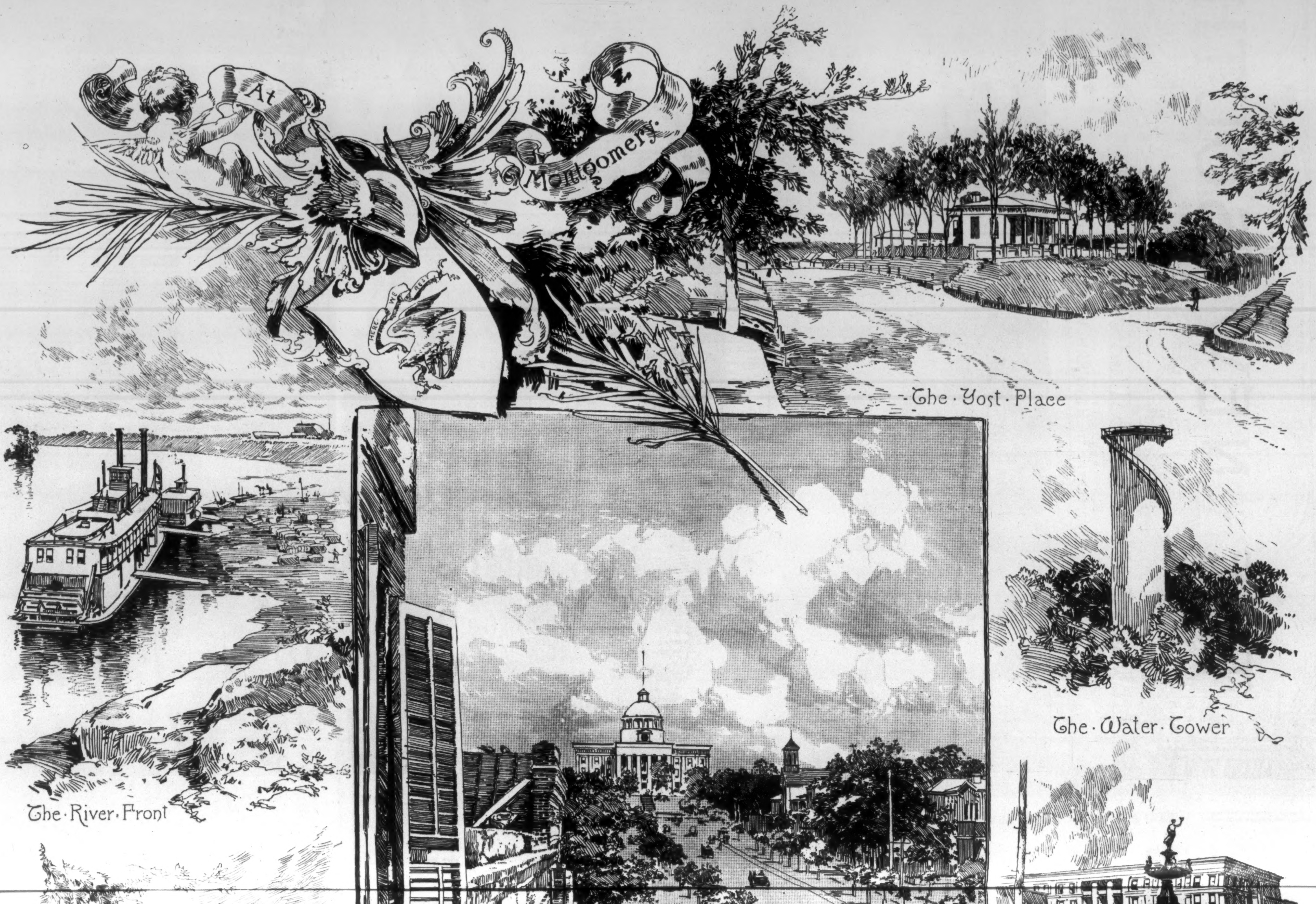


WHARF SCENE AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH," PAGE 503.]



The · Yost · Place

The · Water · Tower

The · River · Front

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 503.]